READ THE STORY ON PAGE 27 AT YOUR OWN RISK!
EERIE
EERIE
#31
JAN
A WARREN MAGAZINE
FDC
60¢
...SEE
POINT OF VIEW
ON PAGE 6

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE THESE VALUABLE BACK ISSUES OF EERIE IN YOUR PRIVATE MAGAZINE COLLECTION?

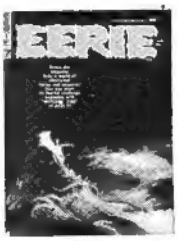
#2

#3

#4

#5

#6



#7

#8

#9

#10

#11

#12

#13

#14

#15

#16

#17

#18

#19

#20

#21

#22

#23

#24

1970 YEARBOOK

#25

#26

#27

#28

MAIL COUPON TODAY—WHILE THEY LAST!

- ☐ #2 ($3.50)
- ☐ #3 ($2.50)
- ☐ #4 ($2.50)
- ☐ #5 ($1.50)
- ☐ #6 ($1.00)
- ☐ #7 ($1.00)
- ☐ #8 ($1.00)
- ☐ #9 (75c)
- ☐ #10 (75c)
- ☐ #11 (75c)
- ☐ #12 (75c)
- ☐ #13 (75c)
- ☐ #14 (75c)
- ☐ #15 (75c)
- ☐ #16 (75c)
- ☐ #17 (75c)
- ☐ #18 (75c)
- ☐ #19 (75c)
- ☐ #20 (75c)
- ☐ #21 (75c)
- ☐ #22 (75c)
- ☐ #23 (75c)

1970 YEARBOOK ($1.00)

- ☐ #24 (65c)
- ☐ #25 (65c)
- ☐ #26 (65c)
- ☐ #27 (65c)
- ☐ #28 (65c)
- ☐ #29 (65c)

EERIE BACK ISSUE DEPT.
Box #5987 Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

All Copies Mailed in a Sturdy Envelope for Protection

☐ I enclose $.....for back issues.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE .....ZIP CODE.....

EERIE

NO. 31

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN **ASSOCIATE EDITOR:** ARCHIE GOODWIN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: BILL PARENTE, NICOLA CUTI **COVER:** DICK CORBEN
ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: CARLOS GARZON, FRANK BOLLE, BILL DUBAY, TOM SUTTON, TONY WILLIAMSUNE, BILLY GRAHAM
WRITERS THIS ISSUE: CHRIS FELLNER, BILLY GRAHAM, NICOLA CUTI, BUDDY SAUNDERS, BILL DUBAY, STEVE SKEATES

Page 6

Page 15

Page 21

CONTENTS

DEAR COUSIN EERIE
Rancid readers dip their pens into volatile vats of putrefaction to contribute corrosive correspondence to our cozy coffins 4

POINT OF VIEW
A future where Old Mother Earth ain't what she used to be 6

THE DROP
Two teen-agers trip out terror-style 15

THE DEVIL'S HAND
Give Cousin Eerie a great big hand for this startling story 21

THE ALIEN PLAGUE
Ever had the feeling that something happened before, and is happening again? 27

THE OASIS
The story of a few soldiers, a few spiders, and a great big desert 38

LADY IN ICE
Another chilling adventure with October Weir 46

EERIE FAN FARE
A fine repast; story porridge, grue stew, ballad salad, and art 54

KILLER SLIME
Slithering, writhing evil oozes under the streets of New York 56

Page 27

Page 38

Page 46

EERIE, PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO., INC. No. 31, PRICE 60c PER COPY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 6 ISSUES FOR $3.00 IN THE U.S. ELSEWHERE: $4.00. EDITORIAL OFFICES AT 22 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES PENDING AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. PRINTED IN U.S.A. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1970 BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. NOTHING MAY BE PRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INVITED PROVIDED RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED; HOWEVER NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL.
Printed in U.S.A.

DEAR COUSIN EERIE

I love your books and I love your club. By the way I want to join your Fan Club. Will you please saend me a letter to tell me if, we have to send money? If not, will you please send me all the stuff we have to have to be members? Well, notice, Cousin Eerie, please send me my stuff!

LARRY LINK
Galena, Kansas

OK, Larry, simmer down and take it easy. There is no Eerie Fan Club—yet. But there soon will be, and it'll cost the same $1.25 to join as it costs to join the already existant fan club that certain Uncle runs in his honor.

Issue No. 28 of **EERIE** was a very good ish. Every single story in it was great. It was a welcome change from ish No. 26.

And speaking of No. 26, why don't you print my letter? I'm sure that I sent it in on time. Eerie's Monster Gallery was good. Tom Sutton does magnificent work. The story, Follow Apollo, reminded me of a story in **EERIE** No. 26, called Spiders Are Revolting, particularly in the gruesome surprise ending, but they were coincidentally both drawn by Tom Sutton.

I didn't like the cover of ish No. 28, too good.

WALLACE MORRIS
Kingsland, Ga.

Well, that's quite strange. Ol' cuz Eerie thought Pat Boyette's cover for EERIE No. 28 was too good. Or, rather we thought it was too good, too (er—also).

I just finished reading **EERIE** No. 28 It was good! The best story was "The Beast in the Swamp!" The art by Billy Graham was just excellent. Hope you keep; up the good work, as I'd like to see some werewolf and vampire stories in the near future.

JOHN GRAY, JR.
Asheville, N.C.

Wellp, John, your wish was granted even before your letter saw print, as in EERIE No. 29 SNOW JOB, an epic about Himalayan wolfmen saw the rack of your local newsstand, followed only a short month thereafter by EERIE No. 30 which center-displayed Ken Barr's immortal modern macabre comic-format classic, the nifty 9-pager, I, WEREWOLF!—which pitted a werewolf against a vampire in a fight scene reminiscent of the great monster duels of the 1930's Horrorwood flicks. Hope you got those ishes!

You always have your stories on land. Now, I have an ideal idea; why not have your monsters on choppers (motorcycles). Like, have a gang of motorcycle monsters, or whatever, going around and causing trouble?

DENNIS CODGILL
Rockford, Ill.

Well, Denny, at the risking of making ol' Cuz Eerie sounding like the fiendly neighborhood librarian, allow him to recommend you check out EERIE No. 26 and a story called Cyked Out. It's just up your alley.

I just read issue 29 and also read Duffy Vohland's letter of criticisms of **CREEPY, EERIE, AND VAMPIRELLA**, and I thought about the same way, but you need another improvement which he neglected to mention. Put your mags in full color. I would especially enjoy the brilliant red.

Thank you for reading this, and please print it. I could then show it to all of my friends.

JOE ALBERTSON,
Indianapolis, Ind.

But Joe, if EERIE was printed in full color (except for the brilliant reds and an occasional putrefying green) it would look about as frightful as a boxful of lollipops. Color comics aren't anywhere nearly as expressive as murky, shadowy, moody black-and-white comic magazines are. What do you other readers think?

I think **EERIE** No. 28 was the best! The best story was Ice Scream. What a story! Exciting! My friend Chris enjoyed it. I'm sure many people did, also. My friend and I prefer stories about witches and vampires. As I said, "**EERIE** is the best!"

JOE INSULA
Hialeah, Fla.

I think No. 29 was one of your best issues, and the people who complain ought to be shot in the head. I feel the best story in your issue is The Vorpal Sword.

I wonder if you know where I can get some fortune-telling cards. I'd appreciate it if you tell me.

My sister Linda reads your magazines, so she gave me money to buy a subscription. She's a real nice sister. Hey, how about a story about a mummy like in No. 17?

ROBERT GRASS
Dallas, Iowa

Check out the last ish (No. 30), Bob, for The Return of Amon-Tut—the cover story. As for fortune-telling cards, we know of no such thing. There is no real way to tell what the future will be, and anyone who claims to know is putting you on. Besides, to console you a bit, think of what a boring no-surprise world it would be if you knew everything that was going to happen to you, like what the stories are going to be in the next issue of EERIE. Just thank your stars you have such a groovy sister, who'll subscribe for you. That *is* fortunate, as SHE sounds like a *real* card.

I thought issue No. 29 was one of the best issues I have read. I buy your magazine often. I read one letter in Dear Cousin Eerie that said the girls should be covered up more.

I completely I think you should even make the girls more glamorous. Don't you?

CHARLES OHL
Sherbourne, Mass.

Frankly, no. Uncle Creepy and I both agree the girls should be covered up more, so they don't take too much attention away from the monsters. Vampi won't make comment.

I've had it with this ridiculous talk about your covers being trashy!! I've heard of narrow-minded parents, before, but some of these writers' parents top the cake! Watch a good horror movie and what do you see? The monster carrying a beautiful, helpless young girl to his lair.

And what is she wearing? A flimsy, see-thru negligee (nightgown)! Now, who or what says you can't do the same? **(I *never* wear a negligee, see-thru or otherwise—EERIE).** Let babies buy those cheap 35c rags, you'll get the older readers who are mature enough to appreciate what it is?

An art team that really knows its stuff is Jones/Bode. Their work on **EERIE** No. 27 was out-a-site, and that's sayingk a lot, if you know what I mean. That painting gave every dimension, including depth. The color was fantastic! An eye-catcher!P

The Jones/Bode cover for VAMPI No. 4 was also excellent.

As for Sandra Neralsky's letter, I happen to like "sex plugs"—which they aren't at all. They're helpless maidens! Perhaps you'd care to call Adam and Eve "yex plugs" for they had no clothes.

So, anyway, let's have more covers by Frazetta, and especially Jones/Bode'.

JIM STEPPE
Johnson City, Tenn.

"Less land monster stories"

IS YOUR NEWSSTAND WITH IT?

If you can't find CREEPY or EERIE or VAMPIRELLA on your favorite newsstand, here's something you can do about it. Just fill out this coupon to let us know where that backward newsstand is. We'll see that they get with it.

This store needs (check one) CREEPY ☐ EERIE ☐ VAMPIRELLA ☐:

Store's Name .....

Store's Address .....

City ..... State & Zip .....

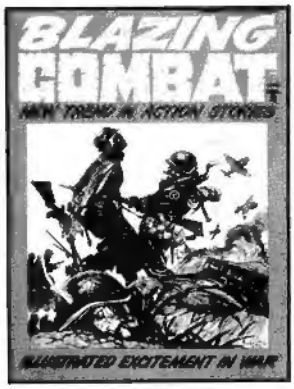
Mail Coupon to: CREEPY NEWSSTANDS
22 E. 42d Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Want to write us?
Address your poison pen letters to:
EERIE LETTERS,
22 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017

Collector's Edition #1

GET THE MOST TALKED ABOUT COLLECTOR'S ITEM IN THE COMICS FIELD!

Hard-Hitting Issue #3



Second Great Issue #2

Fiery Issue #4

DON'T MISS AN ISSUE! SEND IN THIS COUPON FOR THIS ACTION-PACKED THRILLER! NO TRUE COLLECTOR SHOULD BE WITHOUT THE EXPLOSIVE FURY PACKED IN THESE PAGES!

GET BACK ISSUES WITH THIS COUPON!

BLAZING COMBAT
BACK ISSUE DEPT
P.O. Box 5987, Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

All Copies Mailed in a Sturdy Envelope for Protection

☐ I enclose $2.00 for the Second Great Issue
☐ I enclose $2.00 for the Third Great Issue
☐ I enclose $2.00 for the Fiery #4 Issue

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

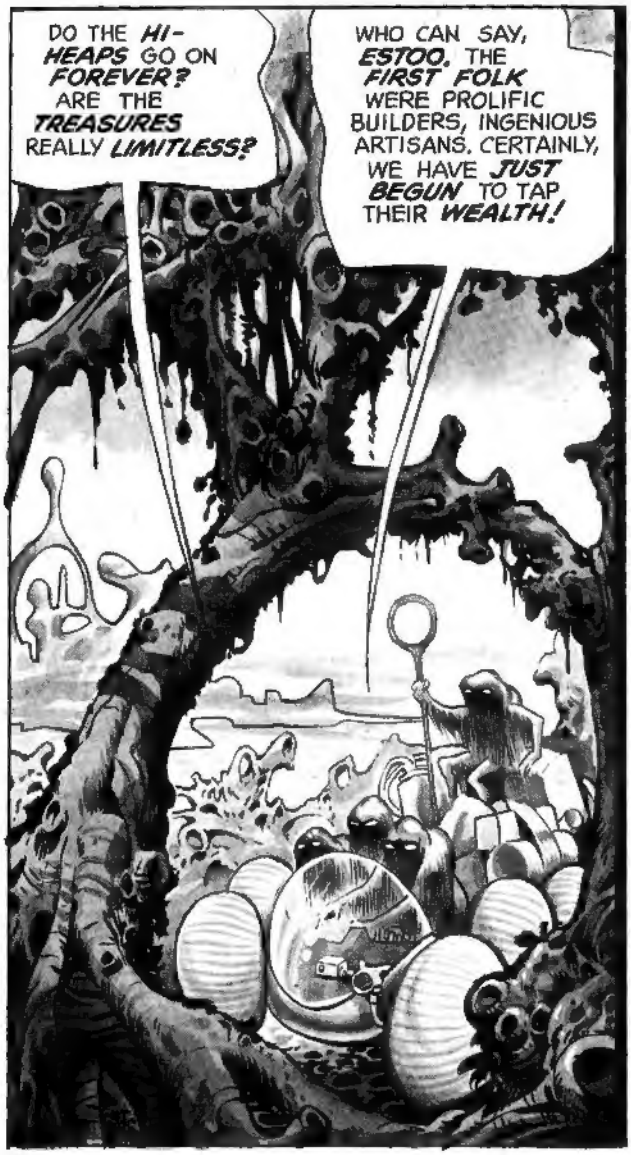
STATE ..... ZIP CODE .....

WITH THIS ***RANCID RENDITION,*** WE'LL PLUNGE FORWARD INTO A FUTURE WHERE ***OLD MOTHER EARTH*** IS A LITTLE MORE THAN A ***GROTESQUE SHELL*** OF HER FORMER SELF. BUT THIS TIME, ***FRIGHT FLOCK,*** THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO THE STORY AND ONE'S OPINION OF ***EARTH'S FUTURE*** MIGHT WELL DEPEND UPON ONE'S ...

POINT OF VIEW

SELECTION FROM THE ***DIARY*** OF ***SHEEL THE HASSUTIAN,*** UNIVERSAL DATE 236, 3RD SEASON, 46TH DAY: "THIS DAY, SO FULL OF ***BIZARRE EVENTS,*** BEGAN IN THE MOST ORDINARY WAY. I AROSE EARLY, ATE A LIGHT ***SPORE BROTH,*** THEN JOINED MY ***SCAVENGING CREW*** AT ONE OF THE OUTING GATES. IN A MOMENT, WE WERE ROLLING WEST, THE VAULTING SPIRES OF ***HASSUT*** FALLING AWAY BEHIND, THE GREAT ***RUBBLE MOUNTAINS*** LOOMING EVER NEARER...

ELECTION FROM THE PRELIMINARY REPORT OF ***CAPT. ERNEST VANN,*** 27 APRIL, 1992: "PREVIOUS TO OUR INJECTION INTO THE ***FUTURE,*** EFFORTS WERE MADE TO PREPARE US FOR ANY CIRCUMSTANCE WE MIGHT ENCOUNTER. STILL, WE WERE HARDLY PREPARED FOR THE SIGHT THAT MET OUR EYES: ***DESOLATION,*** VAST AND UNINTERRUPTED FOR ***AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE...***"



ART BY TOM SUTTON/STORY BY BUDDY SAUNDERS

"LOVELY HASSUT WAS HIDDEN FROM VIEW, WE WERE AMONG THE HI-HEAPS, WHOSE OUTER SHROUDS OF MOSS CONCEALED UNCOUNTED FORTUNES..."

BUT, SHEEL, IF THE FIRST FOLK WERE SO WONDERFUL, WHY ARE THEY NOW ALL DEAD?

WE DON'T KNOW THAT THEY ARE.

INDEED, SOME SAY THE FIRSTLINGS STILL LIVE UNDER THEIR MOUNDS, HOPING TO STEAL THE SOULS OF SCAVENGERS SUCH AS WE.

"OUR CHRONOPLANE SWEPT ONWARD OVER LANDS PICKED CLEAN OF LIFE AS WE KNEW IT, BUT..."

SOMETHING IS GROWING DOWN THERE... THRIVING, IN FACT!

COULD WE DROP DOWN FOR A CLOSER LOOK?

"FOR LONG HOURS, WE JOLTED ALONG THROUGH PLEASANT SPORE HILLS..."

TALK AND SPECULATION! IF ONLY THE SUN WOULD STOP BAKING MY HEAD, I'D BE CONTENT!

THEN BE CONTENT, PHIST. EVEN NOW SPORE CLOUDS ARE PASSING ACROSS THE SUN'S FACE.

"AS I PLANED EARTHWARD, THE MILDEW-COLORED LAND GREW IN CLARITY. AHEAD, LIME-COLORED CLOUDS BILLOWED AND CROSSED THE SUN'S FACE..."

MOSS, FUNGI, CREEPING SPORE GROWTHS... NOTHING MORE.

THOSE CLOUDS AHEAD-- I'M WILLING TO BET THEY'RE MADE UP OF SPORES, TOO!

"BY NOON WE ARRIVED AT THE DIG..."

QUICKLY NOW, ESTOO. ONCE INSIDE THE TUNNEL, WE'LL BE NICE AND COOL!

SORRY, SHEEL. I... I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING...

"WE SELECTED A LANDING SITE AND..."

INCREDIBLE TO THINK THAT EARTH COULD HAVE UNDERGONE SUCH TRANSFORMATION!

"IN THE *PLEASANT DAMPNESS,* WE SET TO WORK. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, WE BROKE INTO A VEIN OF *VALUABLE SILICON...*"

AN EXCELLENT FIND!

SHOULD THE VEIN HOLD OUT, WE'LL MAKE A SEASON'S EARNINGS IN HALF THE TIME!

"CAUTIOUSLY, WE BEGAN TO CLIMB THE *SPONGY HILLCOCKS...*"

WHAT *CAUSED* THIS? *RADIATION,* MAYBE?

POSSIBLY, OR A *COMBINATION* OF THINGS--RADIATION, GERM WAR, CHEMICAL POISONING, EVEN OVER-POPULATION AND POLLUTION.

"AS WE WORKED, IT BECAME CLEAR THAT *YOUNG ESTOO* HAD SOME VERY *ODD IDEAS...*"

THE FIRST FOLK CARED NOTHING FOR THEIR WEALTH, SO I'VE HEARD.

PHAGH! THOSE FOOLS IN THE UNIVERSITY FILL YOUR MIND WITH INSANE THOUGHTS!

"PROF. SILVA WANDERED AHEAD. I WAS *GLAD* I HAD HAD NO CHANCE TO BE *ALONE* WITH MARGO SINCE SHE HAD PROMISED TO *MARRY* ME..."

A DISAPPOINTING FUTURE, ISN'T IT?

TRAGIC IS A BETTER WORD. FOR *MAN,* IT SEEMS THERE IS *NO FUTURE!*

DON'T BE A SOFTWIT, ESTOO! SUPPOSE YOU WERE RICH. WOULD YOU THROW AWAY YOUR WEALTH?

NO, I SUPPOSE NOT, BUT...

BUT NOTHING! WE DIG IN THE FIRSTLING'S TREASURE MOUNDS, NOT THEIR GARBAGE HEAPS.

YOU AND I *STILL* HAVE A FUTURE, MARGO.

HOW CAN YOU *EVEN THINK* OF US AT A TIME LIKE *THIS,* ERNEST! THERE'S *NO HOPE, NOTHING* UP HERE IN THE FUTURE!

"EERY STRANGE, THAT YOUNG ESTOO. HE LEFT THE PLEASANTNESS OF THE TUNNEL TO WARM HIMSELF IN THE SUN..."
LET THEM LAUGH! BUT MY PROFESSORS HAVE RESEARCHED EXTENSIVELY. ONE DAY...
WHA... WHAT WAS THAT!?
"CALLING FOR US TO FOLLOW, ESTOO HURRIED TO INVESTIGATE THE STRANGE NOISE..."
BEYOND THIS HI-HEAP... THE SOUND CAME FROM THERE!
THAT SHOUT! IT CAME FROM ELDON!
HE'S IN TROUBLE!
"I CAN ONLY IMAGINE ESTOO'S EMOTIONS AS HE CROSSED THE RIDGE, BUT IN ANY CASE, HE HAD LITTLE TIME FOR THOUGHTS..."
"REACHING THE HILLTOP, WE SAW PROF. SILVA'S BODY LYING BELOW, AND..."
FRAUGHHH!
K-POW!
THE CREATURE THAT KILLED HIM!
A MUTATION OF SOME SORT... IT HAS TO BE!

"BEFORE WE COULD REACH SILVA, THREE MORE MONSTERS APPEARED..."
CHOKE! CAN... CAN THEY BE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HUMANITY?
BUT YOUNG ESTOO IS DEAD, TOO. IT KILLED HIM!
WHATEVER IT IS, IT SEEMS TO BE DEAD!
"NEAR ESTOO'S BODY, WE FOUND THE BODY OF THE MOST HIDEOUS CREATURE I HAVE EVER SEEN..."
"THE RATTLE OF LOOSENED SHALE BETRAYED THE HIDING PLACE OF OTHER CREATURES...
THERE! BEHIND THOSE ROCKS! MORE OF THEM...!
THEY...THEY MUST BE FIRSTLINGS! COME FROM UNDER THE MOUNDS TO STEAL OUR SOULS!
"THEY WERE GROTESQUE, HIDEOUS--EVEN THESE WORDS FAIL! OUR BLOOD RAN COLD AS THEIR EMPTY-SEEMING EYES FELL UPON US!"
"I COULD FEEL THE BRUTE RAGE RADIATING FROM PHIST. BEFORE I COULD STAY HIS HAND..."
PHIST! WAIT!
BY THE CURSED SUN, NO! ONE OF THOSE ABOMINATIONS MURDERED ESTOO!
"THE ENERGY BLAST CAME AS A TRAGIC SURPRISE..."
DAMNED PUMPKIN-HEADED...
POW! POW!
OOOOOOOH!!
POW! POW! POW!

"THE REMAINING CREATURE LAID DOWN A WITHERING FIRE. OLD KHOOST SPUN IN A BLOODY ARC..."
WE MUST GET TO COVER, PHIST! WE'RE TOO EXPOSED HERE!
POW
POW
EEEE
WWWGGG

"MARGO WAS DEAD ALONG WITH OUR DREAMS. NOW, ONLY A LUST FOR REVENGE GOVERNED MY EMOTIONS..."
YOU'LL PAY, MONSTERS! BY GOD, YOU'LL PAY!
POW!
POW!
POW!
POW!

"PHIST'S SCREAM BLURRED AS HIS FACE MELTED..."
POW!
GRRAAHSS!
POW!
POW!
POW
EEEE
POW

"ONLY ONE FIEND REMAINED. I FIRED DESPERATELY..."
CAN'T LET HIM REACH THAT WEAPON!
POW!
POW!
POW!
POW!

"I SNATCHED UP PHIST'S PISTOL, RAN ZIGZAGGING FOR COVER..."
CURSE HIS LUCK! HE SHOULD BE MELTED ALL OVER THE HILLSIDE BY NOW!
POWEEE
POWEEE
POWEEE
POW

"NEVER IN MY LIFE HAD I KNOWN ***TRUE FEAR.*** I KNEW IT ***NOW!*** IT TWISTED IN MY GUT LIKE A BALL OF ***MOSS WORMS...***

SAFE...***FOR THE MOMENT!*** BUT I ***MUST*** FIND A WAY TO ***KILL THAT THING!***

"I WAS ***ALONE,*** PROBABLY THE ONLY ***TRUE MAN*** ALIVE ON EARTH. BUT I HAD ONLY ONE THOUGHT--***KILL!***"

I'LL WORK MY WAY ***AROUND,*** COME UP ***FROM BEHIND!***

"I HAD HOPED TO TAKE THE BEAST BY ***SURPRISE.*** INSTEAD..."

POW! POW! POW!

AAAAARRGH! NNNNNGGG!

"I HAD ONLY ***WOUNDED*** THE MOSS-FACED THING..."

GHAAA! LIKE A ***THOUSAND KNIVES*** STABBING ALL AT ONCE.!

"I ***RETREATED...*** NO OTHER CHOICE REMAINED. WITHOUT MEDICAL ATTENTION, I WOULD SOON DIE..."

FORGIVE ME, COMRADES, FOR NOT EXACTING A FULL REVENGE!

"MY WOUND, WHILE NOT FATAL, WAS OPEN TO ***ALIEN INFECTION.*** I WOULD BE ***DOOMED*** IF I DID NOT SOON REACH THE ***MEDICAL KIT*** IN THE ***CHRONOPLANE...***"

FORGIVE ME, MARGO. FORGIVE ME FOR NOT ***KILLING*** THEM ***ALL!***

"SOMEHOW, I REACHED THE *DIG*, AND..."

NO SIGN OF THE *FIRST FOLK* FOLLOWING... THANK THE SPIRITS!

THERE... THE *CHRONOPLANE*... JUST ANOTHER *HUNDRED YARDS!*

"I WAS HALF A MILE FROM THE DIG WHEN I SAW THE *ALIEN SHIP* RISE INTO THE SKY..."

WE WERE FOOLS! ALL OF US!

THE *FIRST FOLK! HA! HA!* THE FIRST FOLK ARE *LONG DEAD!*

"THE SCAB-LIKE TERRAIN GREW SMALLER, BUT NO LESS HIDEOUS. MARGO HAD BEEN *RIGHT*, I REALIZED. WE HAD SEEN MAN IN HIS *FUTURE WORLD*..."

MISERABLE MUTANTS! LIVING OUT THEIR LIVES IN *SQUALID MISERY*...

...LIKE *MAGGOTS* ON A RUBBISH HEAP!

"THE ANSWER SEEMED **SO SIMPLE, SO OBVIOUS** NOW..."

THEY WERE **ALIENS,** NOT FIRST FOLK! CERTAINLY, NOTHING **SO UGLY** AS THEY COULD BE SPAWNED ON SO **BEAUTIFUL** A PLANET AS **THIS!**

SUCH A **BEAUTIFUL PLANET,** THIS **EARTH!** AND TO THINK THAT IT WAS **UNINHABITED** UNTIL MY PEOPLE ARRIVED FROM **SPACE** TO **COLONIZE** IT!

"THE GRIM FUTURE **BLURRED,** VANISHED IN SPLOTCHES OF COLOR. I WAS **RETURNING** TO MY OWN TIME..."

IT'S TOO LATE FOR MARGO AND ELDON, BUT **NOT** MANKIND! WE CAN BUILD **STARSHIPS...** ESCAPE THAT HORRID **FUTURE!**

BETTER TO **ABANDON** THE PLANET THAN DEGENERATE INTO SOMETHING **OBSCENE** AS THOSE MUTANT WRETCHERS! LORD, HOW THEY MUST **LOATHE** THEIR FATE!

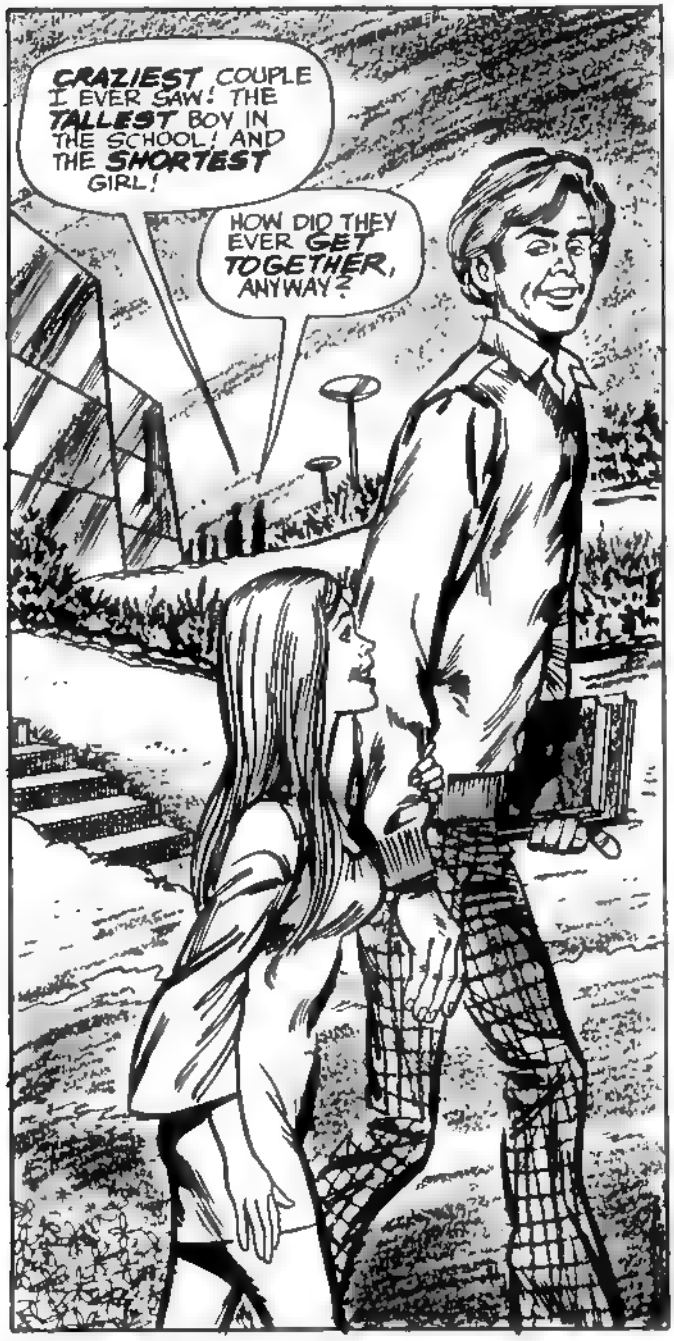
WELL, WELL, HOW ABOUT **THAT, PANIC PALS!** SHEEL WOULDN'T EVER **GIVE UP** THE **FUTURE** AND **VANN** WOULDN'T TOUCH IT WITH A **TEN-YEAR POLE!** BEAUTY'S NOT THE **ONLY** THING THAT'S IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER...SO, AS YOU'VE SEEN, IS **HORROR!**

PROLOGUE
HERE YOU ARE, PETE! JUST WHAT THE PUSHER ORDERED!
THANKS, LADY! THIS'LL TEACH THAT YOUNG PUNK THAT NOBODY CUTS OUT ON ME!

HANG ONTO YOUR HEARTS, HORROR-ADDICTS! WE'RE ABOUT TO TAKE A PLUNGE INTO THE PULSATING IN THIS PSYCHEDELIC SIZZLER I CALL...

THE DROP

SCHOOL WAS OUT FOR THE DAY. JOHN GRABBED DOROTHY'S BOOKS, AND THEY BOTH MADE A MAD DASH FOR THE PARKING LOT... WHILE, BEHIND THEM, AS USUAL, THE REST OF THE KIDS WERE SNICKERING...



ART BY TONY WILLIAMSUNE/STORY BY CHRIS FELLNER

WE'RE GOING TO GO EXPLORE THAT OLD HOUSE OVER WEST OF HERE. THAT ONE THEY SAY IS HAUNTED!
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE MUCH OF A TREAT!

I KNOW! BUT IT WILL BE, ONCE WE DROP THIS!
WHAT??
AND WE'LL BE SAFE UP THERE, TOO! NO CHANCE OF US GETTING BUSTED!

BUT JOHN...YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE UP THAT STUFF! IT'S ALMOST BASKETBALL SEASON. YOU'LL MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF IF YOU GO OUT ON THAT COURT WITH YOUR MIND ALL MESSED UP!
I KNOW! I KNOW!

I AM GOING TO QUIT... BUT WHEN I TOLD PETE I WOULDN'T BE BUYING ANYMORE, HE INSISTED ON GIVING ME SOMETHING SPECIAL... A SORT OF GOING-AWAY PRESENT!

AND THIS IS IT! IT'S A SPECIAL MIXTURE... GRADE "A" STUFF! AND HE GAVE IT TO ME... FOR FREE! I COULDN'T VERY WELL TURN HIM DOWN!

I DON'T KNOW, JOHN! THIS PLACE LOOKS SCAREY! AREN'T YOU AFRAID WE'LL HAVE A BUMMER??
DON'T WORRY! PETE ASSURED ME THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO CHANCE OF BAD TRIPS. NOT WITH THIS STUFF! AND IN FACT, HE SUGGESTED WE COME HERE!
AH, THERE!
AND NOW... BOTTOMS UP!
IT BEGINS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY! COLORS GROW MORE VIVID... PLANES SHIFT... REALITY GIVES WAY TO BEAUTIFUL INSANITY
OH, WOW!

AND THEN...

WHERE'S JOHN? GUESS HE MUST'VE GONE INTO ONE OF THE OTHER ROOMS! YES, I THINK I REMEMBER HIM DOING SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

HUHH? THE DOOR ...IT'S GETTING LARGER!

NO, IT ISN'T THE DOOR! IT'S ME! I'M... NO! NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT ISN'T REAL! I CAN'T REALLY BE SHRINKING!

IT'S ALL IN MY MIND! THAT'S ALL! IT'S A BAD TRIP! JOHN SAID I WOULDN'T HAVE A BAD TRIP, BUT...

THIS IS LIKE THOSE NIGHTMARES I USED TO HAVE! I...I WAS ALWAYS AFRAID I'D SHRINK DOWN EVEN SMALLER THAN I ALREADY AM... AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HAVE A BAD TRIP! YOUR WORST FEARS SEEM TO COME TRUE!

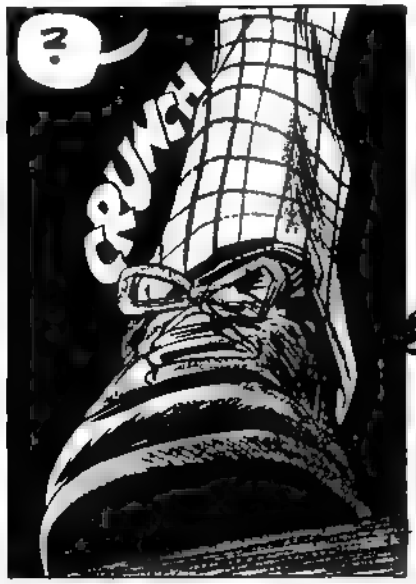
I NEED JOHN! ONCE HE'S WITH ME, ONCE HE HAS HIS ARMS AROUND ME...I'LL KNOW EVERYTHINGS ALL RIGHT...
JOHN!

AND IN THE NEXT ROOM....
JOHN!
IT'S DOROTHY! BUT SHE SOUNDS SO FAR AWAY..SO DISTANT! BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME! I SEEM TO BE GROWING..BECOMING A GIANT!

JOHN COME HERE!
WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON PETE ..."NO CHANCE OF RIDING A BUMMER"! BUT THIS IS FREAKY...
UH-OH! DOROTHY SOUNDS WORRIED! BETTER GO SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER!

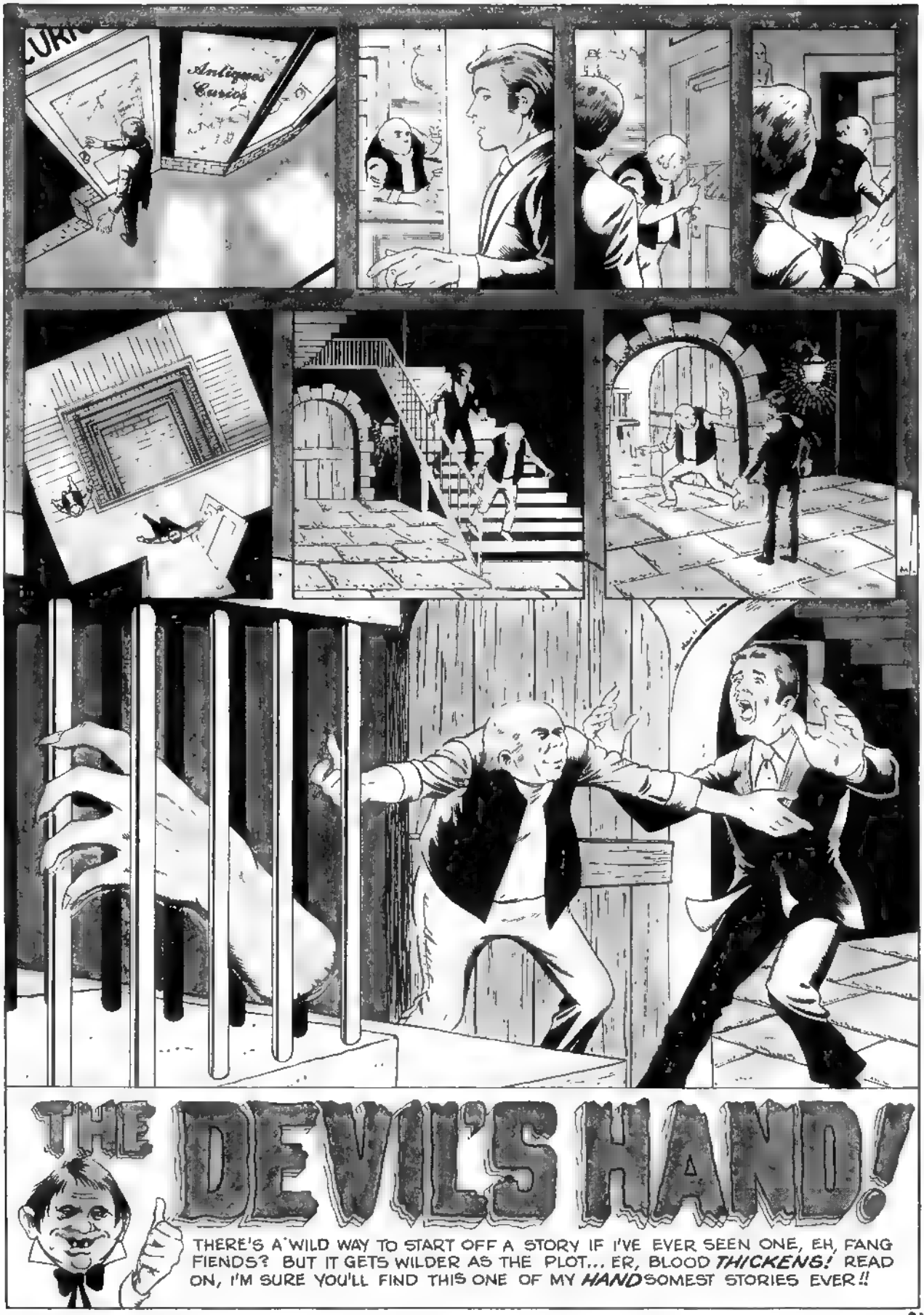
WOW! FEEL LIKE I CAN HARDLY FIT THROUGH THE DOOR! BUT NO! I HAVEN'T REALLY GROWN! I'M JUST HALLUCINATING!

JOHN! COME H.... WHAT? EEEEEEEE!


?
CRUNCH

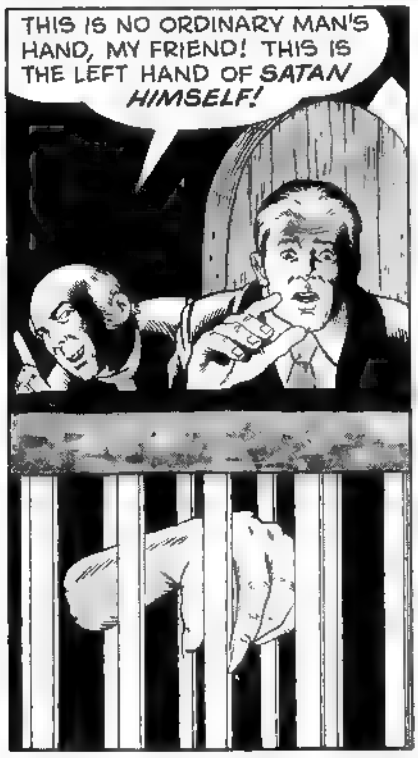
HMPH! MUST'VE STEPPED ON SOME SORT OF INSECT! OH, WELL... I WONDER WHERE DOROTHY IS?

JUST WAIT TILL HE COMES OUT OF IT AND EXAMINES HIS SHOE A BIT MORE CLOSELY! AND WAIT TILL HE FINDS OUT HE'S NOT GOING TO SHRINK BACK TO NORMAL SIZE! NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A BAD TRIP!



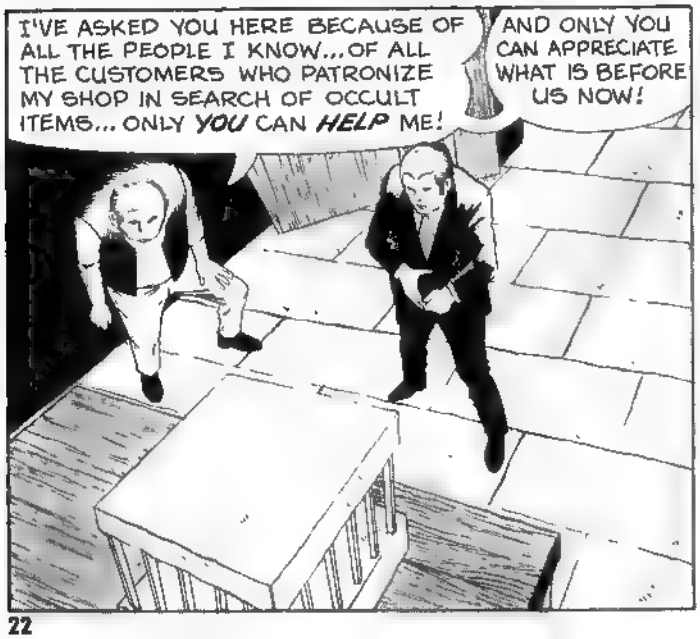
ART AND STORY BY BILL DUBAY

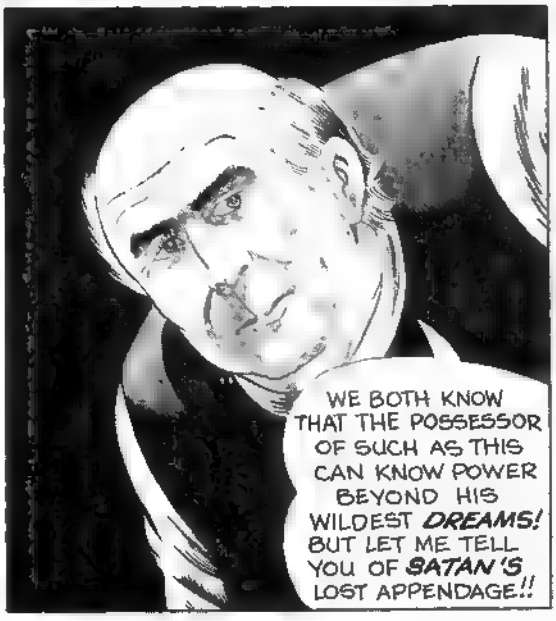
H...HOW IS IT POSSIBLE? A HAND SEPARATED FROM IT'S BODY, YET LIVING, MOVING INDEPENDENTLY!


THIS IS NO ORDINARY MAN'S HAND, MY FRIEND! THIS IS THE LEFT HAND OF SATAN HIMSELF!

AH, BUT I CAN SENSE THE UNSPOKEN QUESTIONS YOU HAVE IN YOUR MIND! ALL SHALL BE ANSWERED IN DUE COURSE!

THE INITIAL SHOCK OF SEEING THIS HAND SCAMPERING AROUND A CAGE MUST HAVE BEEN SEVERE, AS IT WOULD TO ANY NORMAL MAN!


I'VE ASKED YOU HERE BECAUSE OF ALL THE PEOPLE I KNOW...OF ALL THE CUSTOMERS WHO PATRONIZE MY SHOP IN SEARCH OF OCCULT ITEMS... ONLY YOU CAN HELP ME!
AND ONLY YOU CAN APPRECIATE WHAT IS BEFORE US NOW!


WE BOTH KNOW THAT THE POSSESSOR OF SUCH AS THIS CAN KNOW POWER BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS! BUT LET ME TELL YOU OF SATAN'S LOST APPENDAGE!!

"IN 1722 A COVEN OF ENGLISH WITCHES DESIRED THE POWERS OF SATAN HIMSELF! THE COVEN LEADER HAD DISCOVERED A LONG LOST SECRET SPELL WHICH COULD MAKE MORTALS AS POWERFUL AS THE DEVIL ... IMMORTAL AND OMNIPOTENT!"
WE NEED ONLY ONE MORE INGREDIENT TO MAKE THE FORMULA WHOLE! A PIECE OF SATAN'S FLESH!
"THEY CONJURED UP THE DEVIL AND WAITED TO GREET HIM WITH THE HOLY BLADE OF SAINT GEORGE! FOR ONLY SOMETHING HOLY COULD PENETRATE THE FLESH OF THE ALL-EVIL ONE!"
STRIKE HIM! STRIKE HIM! THE DEVIL'S FLESH IS ALL WE NEED TO BE AS POWERFUL AS HE!!
ONCE HE IS FULLY MATERIALIZED IN THE CIRCLE, HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO BREAK FREE!
"IN ANGER AND PAIN, THE DEVIL LASHED OUT... GRABBING THE ONLY THING HE COULD...THE HEAD WITCH! THE OTHERS SCATTERED IN BLIND PANIC, FLEEING FOR THEIR VERY LIVES! ONE REMEMBERING THE PURPOSE OF THE EPISODE, AND PICKING UP THE DEVIL'S DISMEMBERED LIMB AS HE RAN!"
YA AAA
"THE HOLY BLADE ANGRILY SLICED THE AIR AND BIT THROUGH THE WRIST OF THE UNHOLY ONE!!"

"SATAN LITERALLY TORE THE UNFORTUNATE SORCERER TO SHREDS!! REMNANTS OF HIS BODY WERE LATER FOUND SCATTERED ABOUT THE UNHOLY SCENE!"
"CONVENING SECRETLY LATER, THE REMNANTS OF THE COVEN DISCOVERED THAT THE SECRET OF THE DEVIL'S HAND HAD DIED WITH THEIR LEADER! THE LIVING HAND WAS NOW USELESS TO THEM!"
"THEY DECIDED TO HIDE SATAN'S LIMB FOREVER! A CATACOMB WAS TO BE USED AS THE HAND'S PRISON THROUGH THE YEARS!"
BUT WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT? IF SATAN FINDS US OR HIS HAND, WE'LL SURELY MEET DEATH AS FIERCELY AS GASTROBE!
THE HAND IS UNEARTHLY STRONG!! BUT THIS SHOULD HOLD HIM FOREVER!
"I HAVE BEEN IN LINE... WAITING YEARS FOR THE HAND TO FALL INTO MY CUSTODY! ONLY RECENTLY, WHEN THE LAST OF OUR PRESENT COVEN DIED, DID I BECOME IT'S OWNER!"
"WHEN THE LAST OF THE COVEN DIED, THEIR DESCENDANTS WERE CURSED WITH THE HAND! IT WAS HANDED DOWN GENERATION AFTER GENERATION UNTIL ENGLISH MIGRATION TO AMERICA IN 1902 BROUGHT THE UNHOLY LIMB TO THIS COUNTRY!"
Y... YOU MUST SEE THAT SATAN NEVER RECLAIMS HIS LIMB!! IT WOULD MEAN YOUR DEATH!

BUT WHY ME? WHY DID YOU WANT ME TO SEE THIS THING?!
WHEN A MAN HAS A TRUE TREASURE IT IS NO GOOD TO HIM UNLESS HE IS ABLE TO SHOW IT TO HIS FRIENDS!! AND... I NEED YOU!!

YOU CAN FULLY APPRECIATE WHAT I HAVE HERE! SATAN WILL WANT HIS HAND BACK, NATURALLY! HE'S ROAMED THE EARTH FOR AGES IN SEARCH OF IT! NOW, I SHALL GIVE IT TO HIM...!!

FEAR OF SATAN HAS CLOUDED MEN'S SENSES ALL THESE AGES!

BUT I KNOW I CAN HANDLE THE MASTER OF EVIL!

ONLY I CAN BARGAIN FOR ANY-THING I DESIRE...

IN EXCHANGE FOR THIS... LIVING LIMB!

THINK OF IT! ETERNAL YOUTH... ENDLESS WEALTH... POWER... WOMEN! ALL WILL BE MINE!
AND YOU, MY FRIEND, SHALL SHARE IT ALL WITH ME!
ME?!

YES, YOU! I WANT YOU TO DO THE ACTUAL BARGAINING WITH THE DEVIL!
I AM OLD! PHYSICALLY, SATAN COULD THWART ME... MY HEART IS WEAK, AND HE IS STRONG!

WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG! QUICK! YOU ARE IN A MUCH BETTER POSITION TO DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!
AND FOR FIFTY PERCENT OF EVERYTHING...

FIFTY PERCENT OF EVERY-THING?!
YES! YES! FIFTY PERCENT OF THE WORLD IF YOU WANT IT!!

BUT FIFTY PERCENT IS...

CRA
...SO LITTLE, OLD MAN!! SO LITTLE, COMPARED TO IT ALL!!

AND NOW YOU LITTLE BEAUTY, YOU'RE ALL MINE!! ONCE SATAN HEARS I HAVE YOU, I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING!

COME NOW! I CAN'T LEAVE YOU IN THAT BIG CAGE!!
YOU'LL COME WITH ME...

...EVERY-WHERE I GO!!! UHHHH...

I... IT LEAPT AT ME WITH A SPEED I NEVER DREAMED...

SO STRONG... CAN'T BREAK LOOSE! LET GO! LET ME GO!!
EEEEEAAAAAH

AT LAST FREE, AFTER CENTURIES OF IMPRISONMENT, THE HAND WADDLES SWIFTLY AWAY IN SEARCH OF IT'S EVER AWAITING OWNER!
...WHILE TWO MEN SHARE IN THE SPOILS OF THEIR GREED!!

IF YOU SEE A LONESOME HAND RACING DOWN THE STREET, FEAR FIEND, DON'T BE PERTERBED! IT'S PROBABLY ONLY SATAN'S LIMB OUT FOR A MID-NIGHT STROLL! OR LOOKING FOR A HANDOUT FOR A COMPANION!

PROLOGUE:

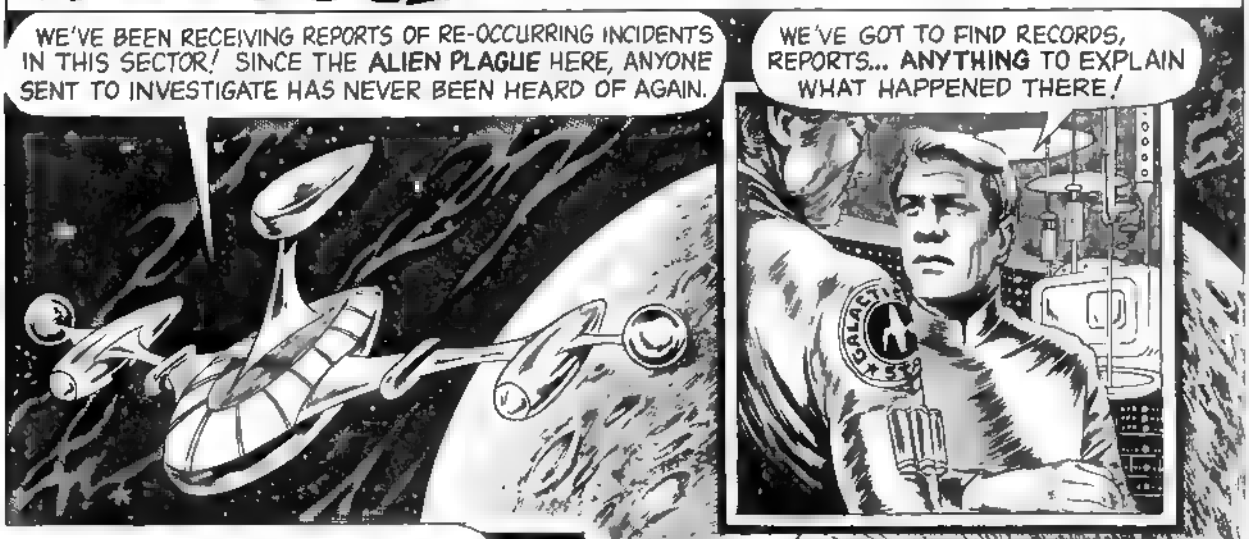
EVER HAD THE FEELING THAT THIS HAD HAPPENED BEFORE, AND PROBABLY WILL HAPPEN AGAIN?

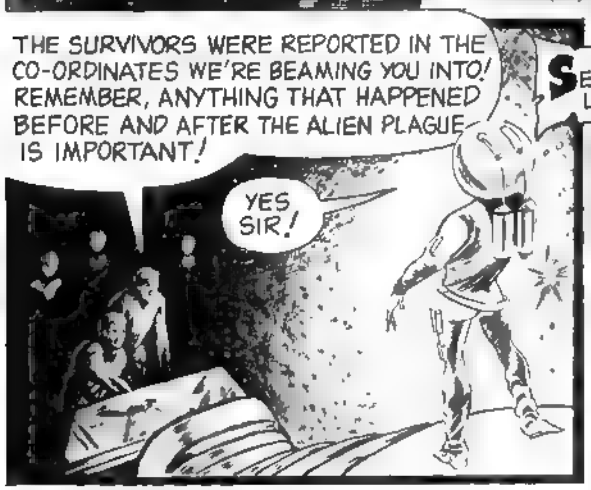
PROLOGUE:

EVER HAD THE FEELING THAT THIS HAD HAPPENED BEFORE, AND PROBABLY WILL HAPPEN AGAIN?

PROLOGUE:

EVER HAD THE FEELING THAT THIS HAD HAPPENED BEFORE, AND PROBABLY WILL HAPPEN AGAIN?





ART AND STORY BY BILLY GRAHAM

SEVERAL WEEKS BROUGHT NO RESULTS, UNTIL ONE DAY... AN UNUSUAL DISCOVERY WAS MADE...

PROFESSOR, I'VE NOTICED AMONG ALL THE DEBRIS, WE HAVEN'T SEEN A SINGLE PIECE OF *PAPER*... ANYWHERE!

I'VE NOTICED IT TOO! WOOD... METAL... RAGS... *EVERYTHING BUT PAPER!*

COME TO THINK OF IT, EVEN THE NEWSTANDS WE'VE SEEN HAVE BEEN EMPTY...

NO MAGAZINES! NO BOOKS! NO PAPER, NO PAPER WHAT SO EVER! STRANGE!?!

SEARCHING THE AREA, THE TEAM WAS UNABLE TO FIND A TRACE OF PRINTED MATTER ANYWHERE...

PAPERS, BOOKS, MAGAZINES DON'T JUST DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A *TRACE!*

GENTLEMEN... THIS MAY HAVE A SIGNIFICANT BEARING ON THE **ALIEN PLAGUE!** I'LL CALL THE LAB AND INFORM THEM WE'RE ON OUR WAY BACK!

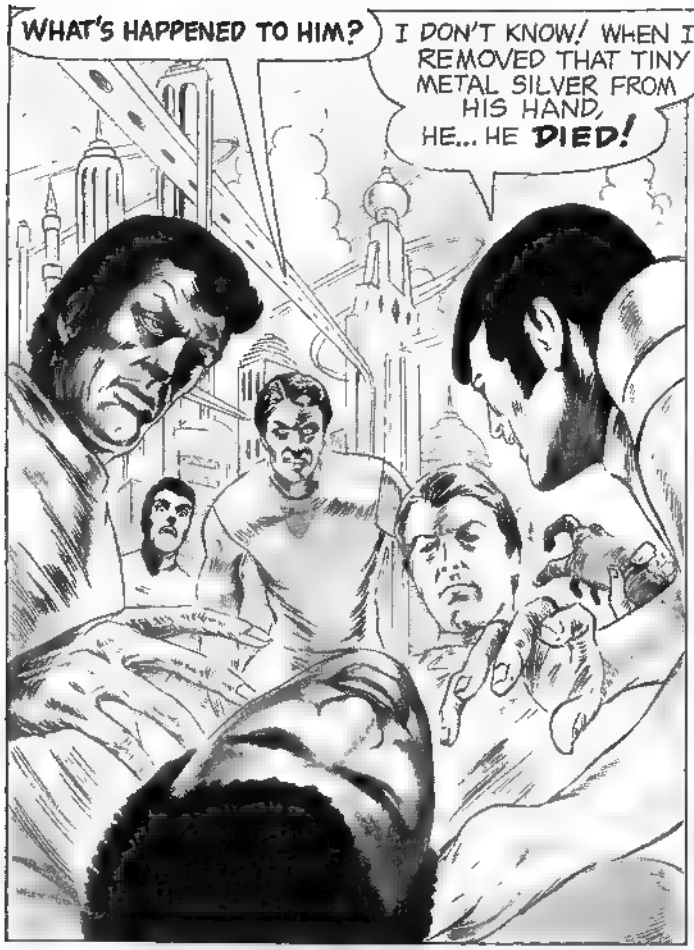
OUCH!

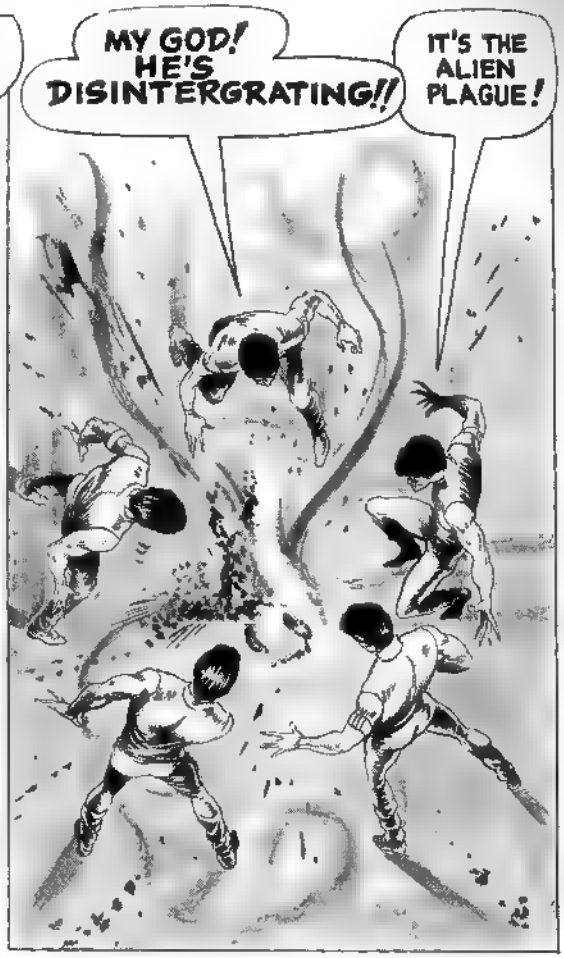
WHAT HAPPENED ?

I'VE BEEN STUCK BY A...

IT LOOKS LIKE A *PIECE* OF *METAL!*

WHILE IN THE UNDERGROUND LAB, THE EXPERIMENTS CONTINUE TO PROGRESS...
THESE ALIENS SIMPLY NEED US TO TRANSPORT THEM! THEY HAVE NO FORM, BUT POSSESS A HIGHLY TECHNICAL INTELLIGENCE TO...
PARDON ME, SIR... A CALL FROM THE RESEARCH TEAM... THEY'RE RETURNING TO THE LAB!
EXCUSE ME GENTLEMEN... HELLO?
IT SEEMS THESE ALIENS ARE A LOSS TO CONTROL THEIR POWER OVER THE HUMAN FORM!
BY A PIECE OF METAL?
THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE VARIOUS MUTANT TRANSFORMATIONS! WHEN THEY DISCOVER HUMAN FORM WON'T CONDUCT THEIR EXISTANCE, THEY LEAVE THE BODY, THEREBY CAUSING IT TO... DISINTERGRATE!
AS ABSURD AS IT SOUNDS, GENTLEMEN, IT WOULD SEEM THESE CREATURES ARE A FORM OF PARASITE! LEECHES... OR FOR WANT OF ANOTHER TERM... BLOODSUCKERS!
BLOODSUCKERS? CREATURES THAT WOULD FEED ON HUMAN BLOOD?
CENTURIES AGO IT WAS KNOWN AS... VAMPIRISM!


WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
I DON'T KNOW! WHEN I REMOVED THAT TINY METAL SILVER FROM HIS HAND, HE... HE DIED!

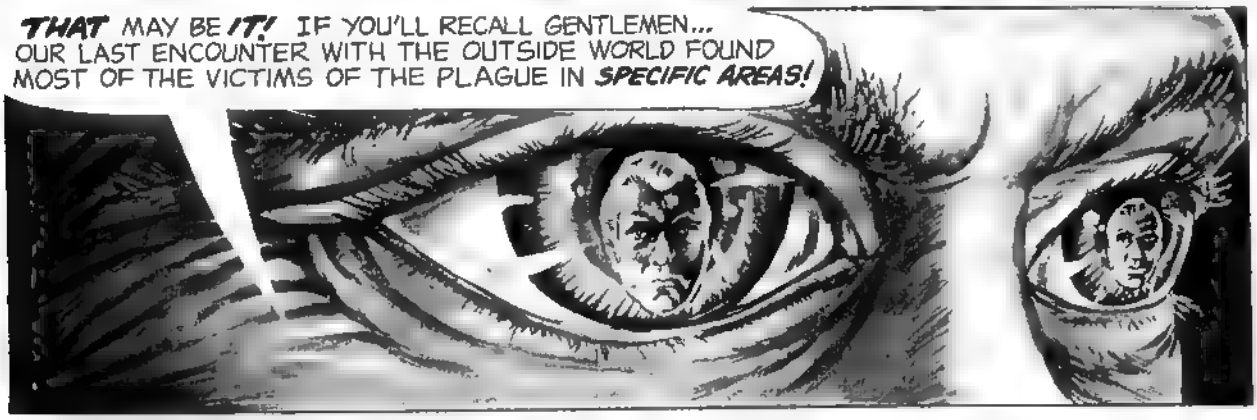

MY GOD! HE'S DISINTERGRATING!!
IT'S THE ALIEN PLAGUE!

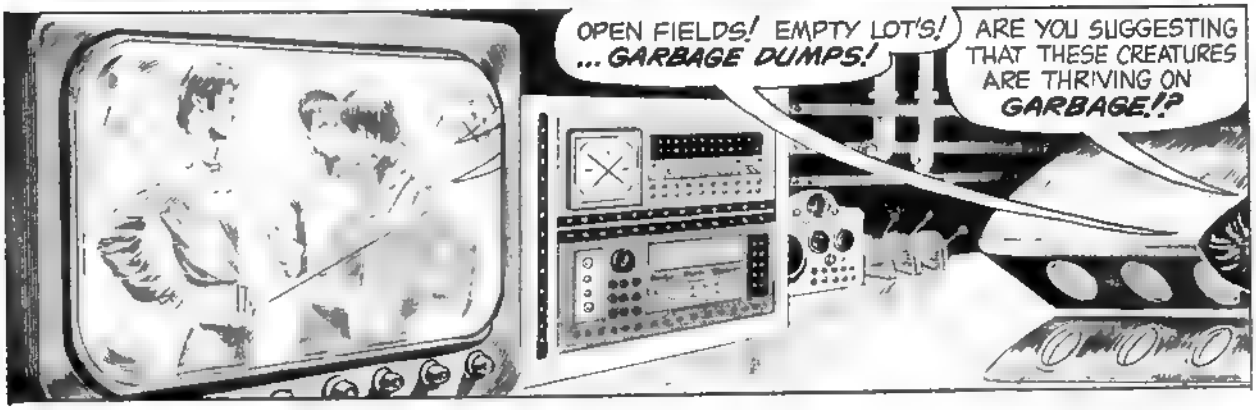
THAT METAL YOU REMOVED FROM HIS HAND... WHERE IS IT!
HERE... WHERE I DROPPED IT!

ARRGGH

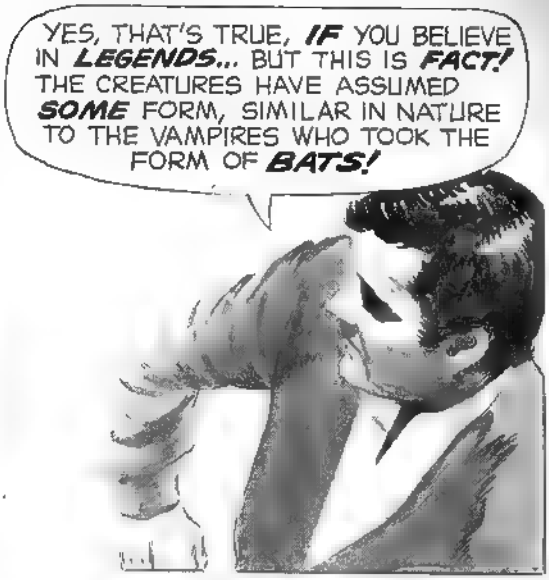
GRANTED THEN! THEY'VE COME HERE AND TAKEN SOME FORM OF EXISTANCE...
BUT... VAMPIRISM IS ONLY FOLKLORE!

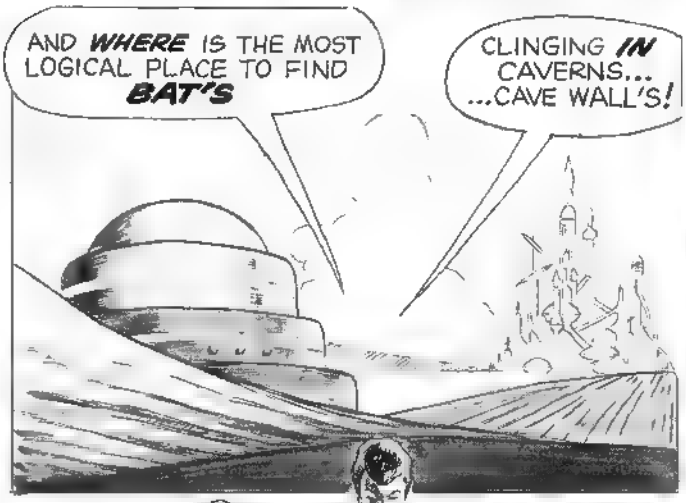
IT'S THE ONLY LOGICAL EXPLAINATION! A TYPE OF VAMPIRISM THAT THRIVES ON A SUPPLY OF SUBSTANCE INSTEAD OF HUMAN BLOOD!
IT COULD BE ALMOST ANYTHING!
... PAPER!! THE RESEARCH TEAM MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT THE ABSENCE OF PAPER IN THE CITY! NO TRACE OF LITERATURE ANYWHERE! DIDN'T MAKE SENSE TO ME, THEN... ... SAID IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE ALIENS TAKING AWAY ALL THE PAPER IN THE...


THAT MAY BE IT! IF YOU'LL RECALL GENTLEMEN... OUR LAST ENCOUNTER WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD FOUND MOST OF THE VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE IN SPECIFIC AREAS!

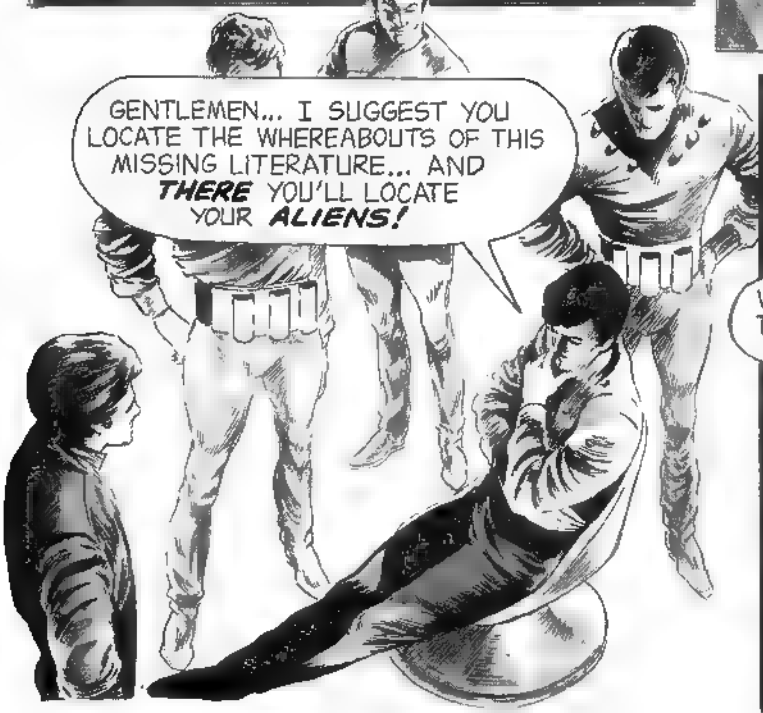

OPEN FIELDS! EMPTY LOT'S! ... GARBAGE DUMPS!
ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT THESE CREATURES ARE THRIVING ON GARBAGE!?

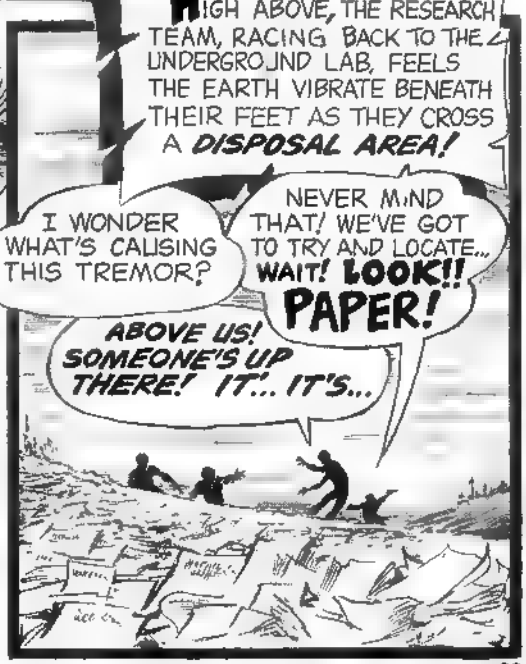
THE PULP IN PAPER, PRESUMABLY! JUST AS VAMPIRES SEEK THE PULP, OR BLOOD OF HUMAN BEINGS!


YES, THAT'S TRUE, IF YOU BELIEVE IN LEGENDS... BUT THIS IS FACT! THE CREATURES HAVE ASSUMED SOME FORM, SIMILAR IN NATURE TO THE VAMPIRES WHO TOOK THE FORM OF BATS!


AND WHERE IS THE MOST LOGICAL PLACE TO FIND BAT'S
CLINGING IN CAVERNS... ...CAVE WALL'S!

PRECISELY! THUS IT WOULD SEEM, THESE ALIENS WOULD HAVE THAT CLINGING RELATION TO... PAPER!


GENTLEMEN... I SUGGEST YOU LOCATE THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS MISSING LITERATURE... AND THERE YOU'LL LOCATE YOUR ALIENS!


HIGH ABOVE, THE RESEARCH TEAM, RACING BACK TO THE UNDERGROUND LAB, FEELS THE EARTH VIBRATE BENEATH THEIR FEET AS THEY CROSS A DISPOSAL AREA!
I WONDER WHAT'S CAUSING THIS TREMOR?
NEVER MIND THAT! WE'VE GOT TO TRY AND LOCATE... WAIT! LOOK!! PAPER!
ABOVE US! SOMEONE'S UP THERE! IT'.. IT'S...

...THE ALIENS! THEY'VE TAKEN FORM AND THEIR ATTACKING!
SOMEONE OR SOMETHING... SITTING...THERE! DESTROY IT. QUICK... BEFORE... BEFORE IT GET'S US ALL
ARRRGG...
STAPLES! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY STAPLES!
IT'S ATTACKING US!
GYAAAHHH...
KILL IT!
AUGGH!
THE AREA NOW LAY CLUTTERED... WITH BODIES! MURDERED SCIENTISTS! SCIENTISTS FILLED WITH BITS OF METAL! THEN... THE STAPLED-RIDDLED BODIES BEGAN TO DISINTERGRATE, FIRST FROM HUMAN FORM, THEN... INTO HIDIOUS MUTANTS... FINALLY, INTO NOTHINGNESS...
... INCLUDING THE ALIEN!
LOOK
LOVE
BATMAN
CHAMBER OF DARKNESS
LOST
True Story
LIFE
MOVIE
TV LIVE
AVENGERS
TIME
EBONY
CRIME BOOK
THE ORIGINAL CAPTAIN AMERICA!
READER'S DIGEST
SUPERMAN

EPiLOGUE:
STAPLES!
IMAGINE THAT! DEADLY STAPLES WIPING OUT AN ENTIRE CHUNK OF CIVILIZATION! WHAT'LL THOSE COMIC BOOK WRITERS THINK OF NEXT?
I WONDER HOW IT ALL ENDED... IF SOMETHING LIKE THAT COULD HAVE REALLY HAPPENED?
HIGH ABOVE THE RESEARCH TEAM, RACING BACK TO THE UNDERGROUND LAB, FEELS THE EARTH VIBRATE BENEATH THEIR FEET AS THEY CROSS A DISPOSAL AREA!
NEVER MIND THAT! WE'VE GOT TO TRY AND LOCATE... WAIT! LOOK!! PAPER!
ABOVE US! SOMEONE'S UP THERE! IT'... IT'S...
EVER GET THE FEELING THAT THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE AND PROBABLY WILL HAPPEN AGAIN AND AGAIN AND...
THE END?

THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!

VENUS FLY TRAP

$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!

Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite off but will NOT bite off more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect it will reopen for more food.

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS! Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only $1.00

ADMIRED BY CHARLES DARWIN FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER

In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote, "This plant commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap,' from the rapidity and force of its movements, is one of the most wonderful in the world . . . It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat will produce these effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."

No Canadian Orders—U.S. Only

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

☐ Enclosed is $1.00 plus **39c** for handling & mailing for 3 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!

☐ Enclosed is $1.75 plus **45c** handling & mailing for 6 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

LETS YOU DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

NO TALENT! NO LESSONS!

Yes, anyone can draw or sketch or paint anything now . . . the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how hopeless you think you are! You can have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. Use it on any desk, table, board, etc.—indoors or outdoors! Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

- HUMAN FIGURES
- OUTDOOR SCENES—LANDSCAPES, BUILDINGS
- STILL LIFE—VASES, BOWLS OF FRUIT, FLOWERS, LAMPS, FURNITURE
- COPY PHOTOS, OTHER PICTURES, COMICS, MAPS, BLUEPRINTS
- COPY FASHION DESIGNS—ALL OTHER DESIGNS, DECORATIONS

FREE! VALUABLE ART BOOK

ORDER TODAY and receive absolutely free a copy of "Simple Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade." Send $1.98, plus 35¢ for postage and handling. You'll be glad you did. Fill in and mail coupon for prompt delivery.

MAIL FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

CAPTAIN COMPANY, P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

PLEASE RUSH my amazing MAGIC ART REPRODUCER. I enclose $1.98, plus 35¢ for postage & handling.

NAME _____

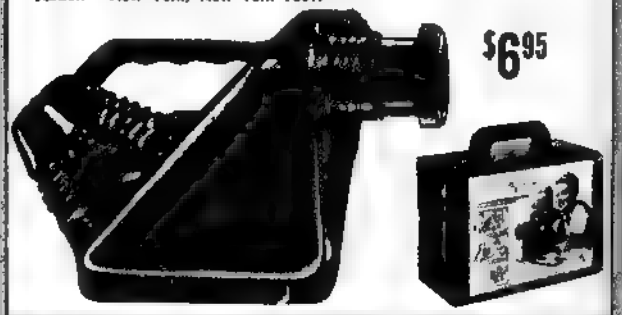
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE NO. _____

MAGIC LANTERN THROWS HUGE IMAGE ON WALL . . . FROM BOOKS, MAGAZINES

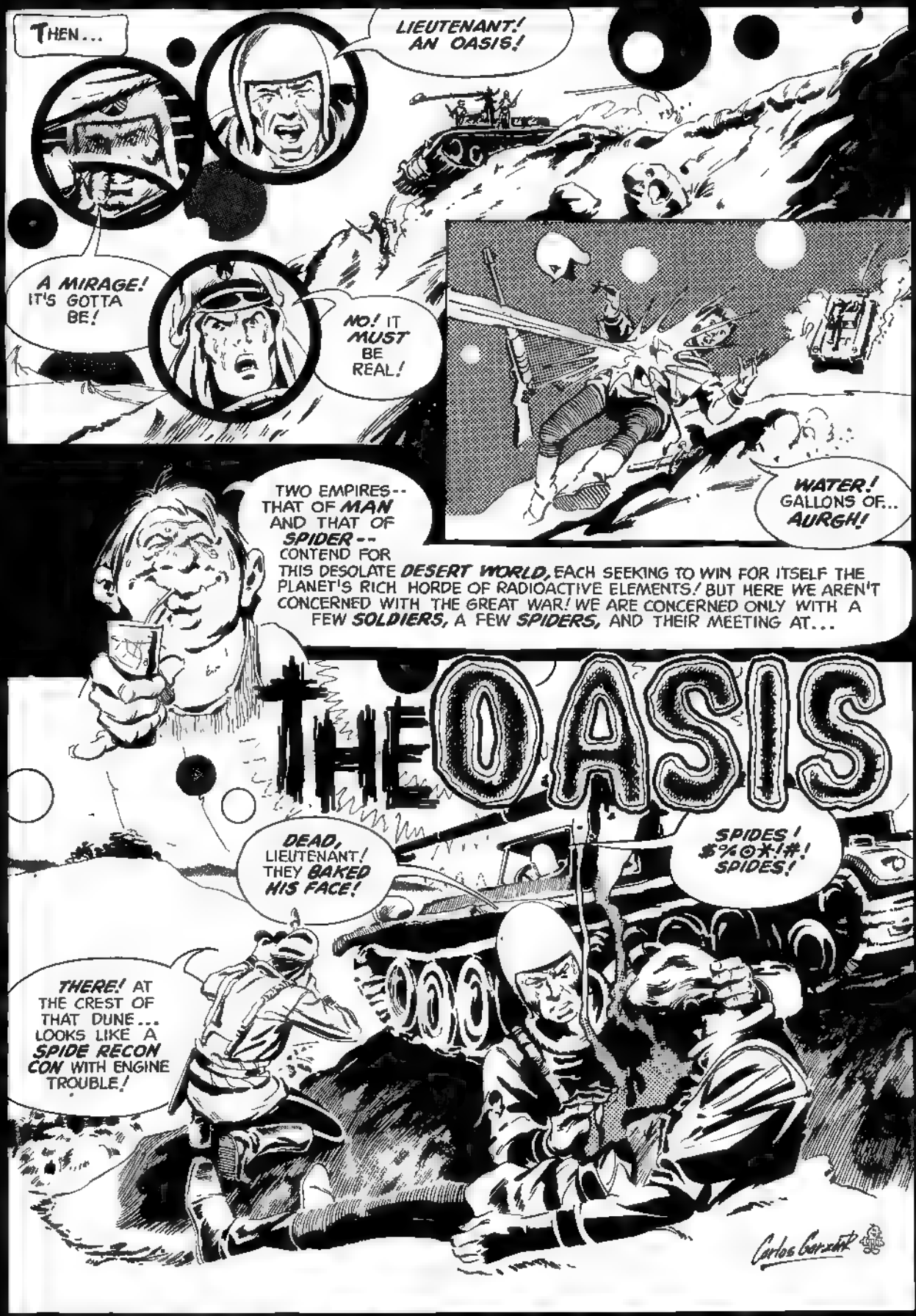
WORLD-FAMOUS Magnajector lets you project any picture in this magazine onto your wall or screen . . . UP TO 4 FEET WIDE! No films or negatives needed. Simply rest the instrument over the magazine or book page, photograph or any other object, and like magic, the picture is seen BIG & CLEAR on the wall in front of you. See veins in leaves . . . details of insects . . . monster faces . . . photos of you or your friends or family. GIANT SIZE, on the wall. Order your Magnajector today. Loads of fun, and a great help in school work, for art, science, etc. Only $6.95, plus 70¢ for postage and handling.

CAPTAIN COMPANY, P.O. Box 5987, Grand Central Station New York, New York 10017



$6.95

PROLOGUE: OILY BLACK SMOKE ROILED AND BILLOWED AGAINST THE EASTERN SKY, THE ONLY EVIDENCE OF THE RECENT BATTLE BETWEEN MAN AND SPIDER!
THAT'S ONE WE DIDN'T WIN--NO MATTER HOW THE BRASS TRIES TO TWIST THE FACTS!
NOBODY WON! IT'S WHAT YOU CALL A DOUBLE-EDGED DISASTER, CORPORAL!
WATER RATION THAT LOW?
SPEAKING OF DISASTERS, LIEUTENANT, WE'LL HAVE ONE OF OUR OWN IF WE DON'T REACH KODOWA BASE WITHIN A WEEK!
ONLY ONE CANISTER LEFT! THE SPIDES DESTROYED THE OTHERS WHEN THEY BAKED OUR RADIO UNIT!
SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN, I GUESS! WE COULD BE ROTTING BACK THERE IN THE SAND WITH THE REST OF THE SQUADRON!
DAYS PASSED, A WEEK, THEN TWO-- AN AEON OF BROILING SUNS, STEAMING SANDS AND VAST, ENDLESS EMPTINESS...
THAT'S THE LAST OF IT! FROM NOW ON WE DRINK OUR OWN SWEAT!
IT DOESN'T MATTER! WE'RE LOST... BE DEAD IN ANOTHER DAY!
SHUT UP, ARBUCKLE! HELKMAN, LET'S MOVE!



ART BY CARLOS GARZON/STORY BY BUDDY SAUNDERS

WE'LL MAKE A RUN FOR THE OASIS ... OUR ONLY CHANCE! THEY KEEP US PINNED DOWN HERE AND WE'LL DRY UP LIKE RAISINS!
HUGGING TO THE ARMOR OF THE SANDCAT, THE SOLDIERS COASTED DOWN THE DUNE TOWARD THE WAITING REFUGE OF THE OASIS!
LEAVE HIM HERE! IN THIS HEAT HE'LL BE STINKING TO HIGH HEAVEN IN AN HOUR!
POUR IT ON, HELKMAN! IF THEY HAVE ROCKETS...
WHAT ABOUT THE CORPORAL?
AND THE SPIDERS DID HAVE ROCKETS...
TAKE COVER! SIDEWINDERS!
KAROM

THE *BROKEN TREAD* TWISTED OFF LIKE A DYING SNAKE! THE SANDCAT GROUND TO A *FINAL HALT!*

ME, *TOO!*

YEAH! BUT I'M *THIRSTIER* THAN *EVER!*

EVERYONE OKAY?

THE GLARING *COPPER SUN* ROSE TO ITS ZENITH, THEN ARCED TOWARD EVENING ...

CAN'T LAST... *THAT LONG!* GOTTA HAVE *WATER*... LIPS *CRACKED*... LIKE *DRY MUD!*

GOT US *PINNED DOWN* NOW! WAIT UNTIL *DARK*... TRY TO REACH THE OASIS *THEN!*

THEN, ONLY AN HOUR BEFORE SUNSET...

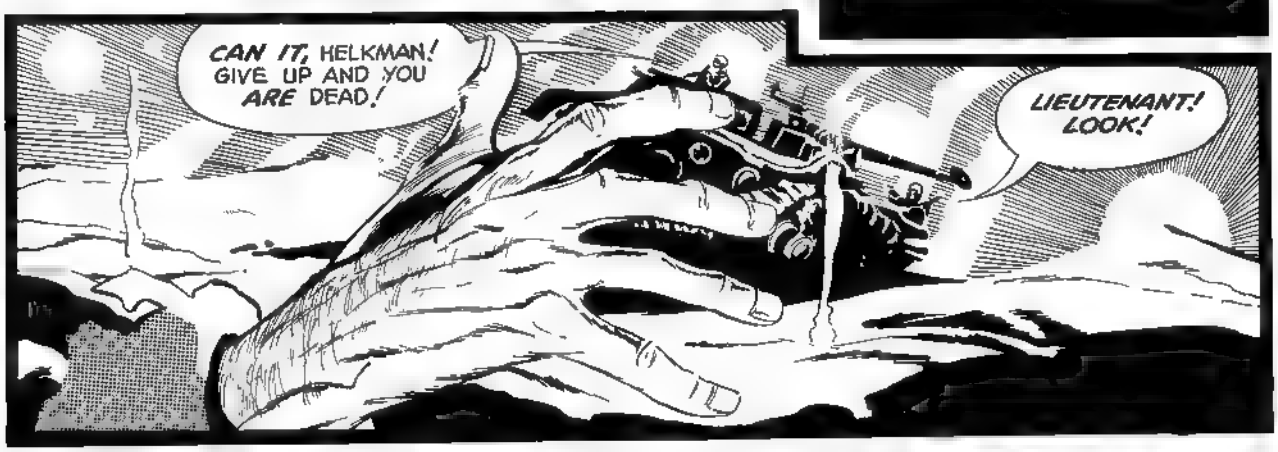
NOW! CAN'T WAIT... *WATER*... *WATER*...

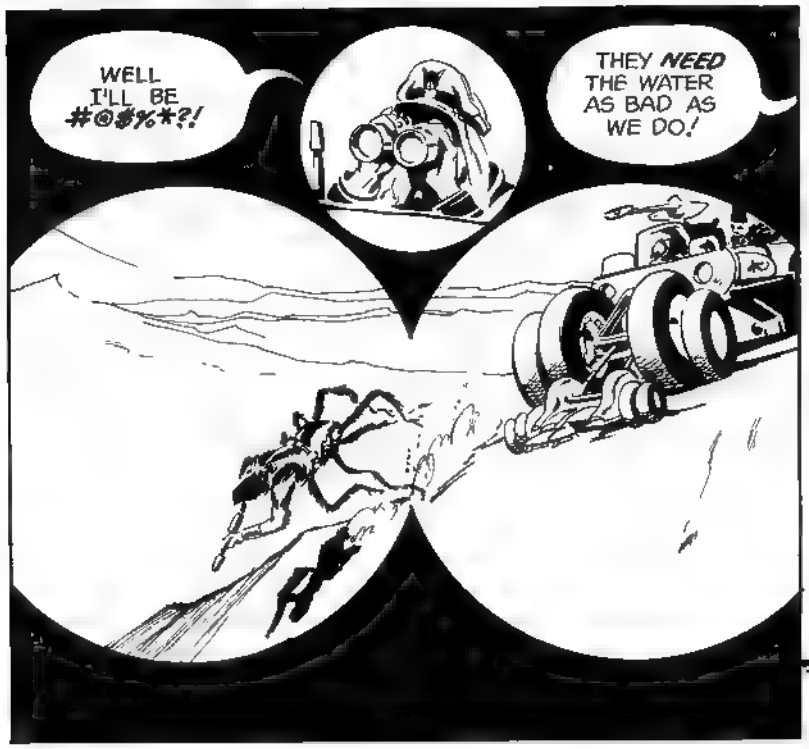
DON'T RUN IN A STRAIGHT LINE, *KWII!* *ZIGZAG!* YOU'RE TOO EASY A...

KWII, YOU *IDIOT! COME BACK!* YOU'LL BE *CREMATED!*

SPIDER LASER FIRE BLISTERED THE SAND IN HOT ARCS, FUSING IT TO GREEN GLASS, THEN...
GHAH!

SUICIDE, PURE AND SIMPLE... DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
AT LEAST HE GOT IT OVER QUICKLY! WE MAY BE WISHING BEFORE...


CAN IT, HELKMAN! GIVE UP AND YOU ARE DEAD!
LIEUTENANT! LOOK!

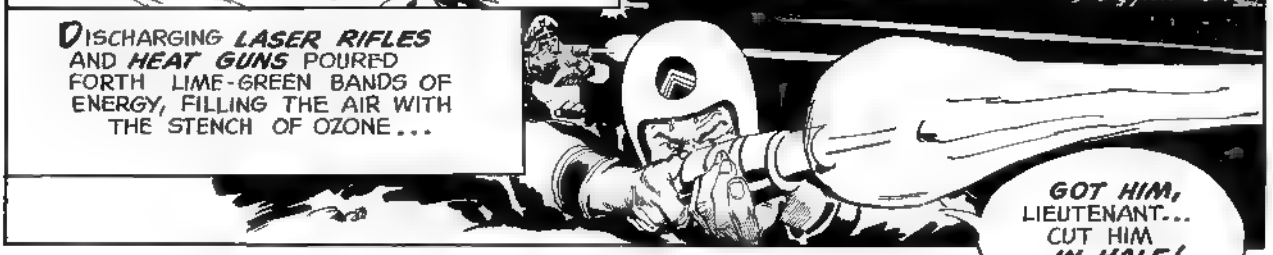

WELL I'LL BE #@$%*?!
THEY NEED THE WATER AS BAD AS WE DO!

KLIKLIK!!!!
NICE OF THEM TO LET US EVEN OUT THE ODDS, HUH LIEUTENANT?

TWILIGHT SPREAD OVER THE OCEAN OF SAND AS THE BLOATED SUN BLED ITSELF AWAY ON THE HORIZON...
READY, SERGEANT?
AS READY AS THE SPIDES, I GUESS!

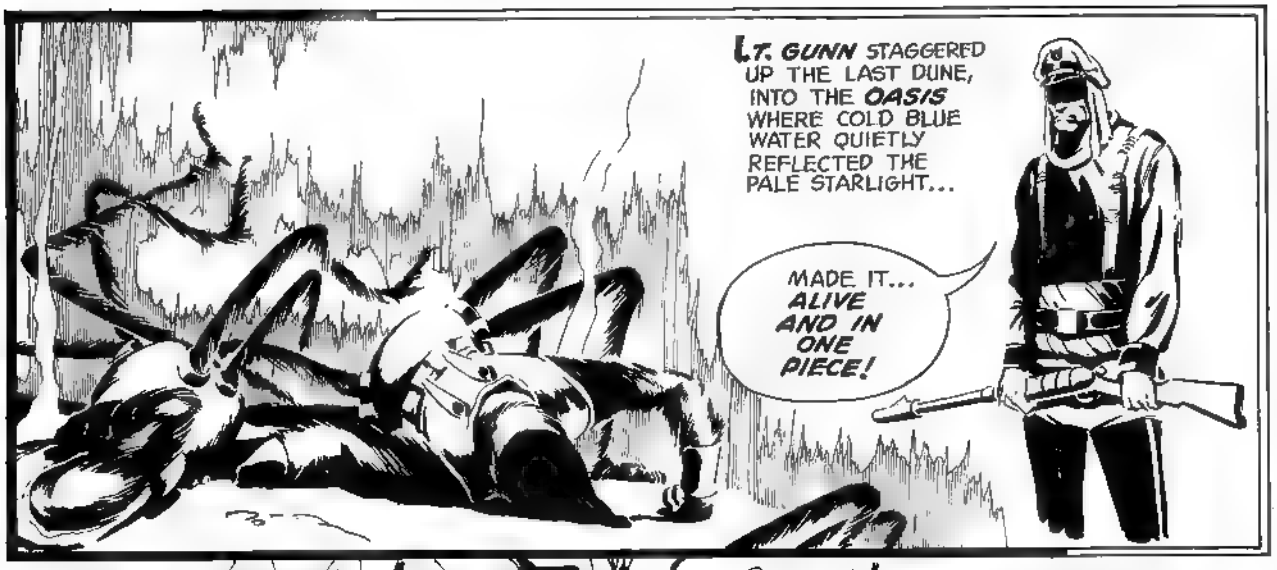
THE TWO REMAINING TERRANS SPRINTED TOWARD THE OASIS, GUNS READY, EYES SEARCHING THE LANDSCAPE FOR THE SPINDLY MOVEMENT OF SPIDERS...

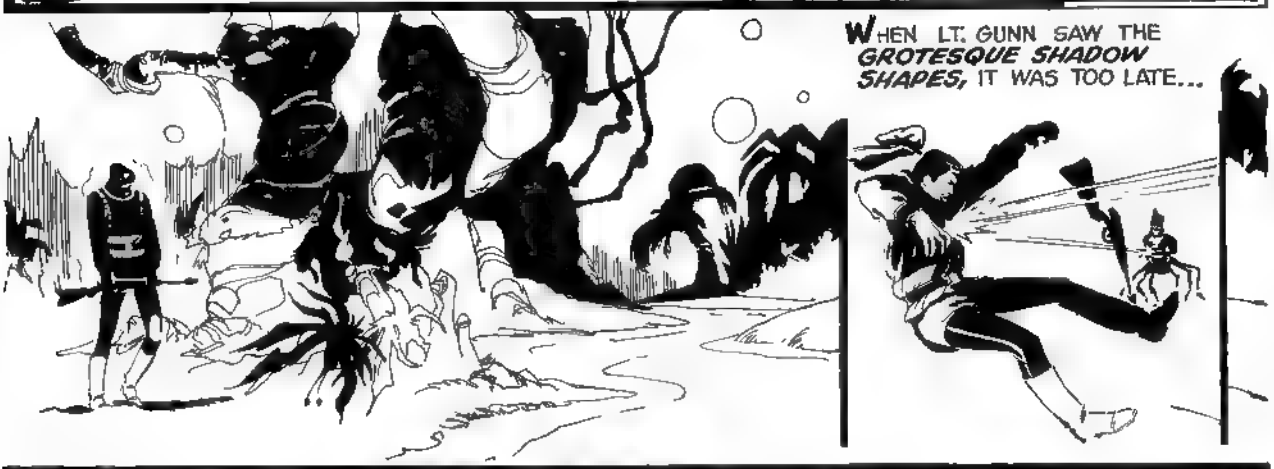
THE MOVEMENT CAME SUDDENLY, UPON THE MARGIN OF THE OASIS...
SPIDES! FLATTEN!


DISCHARGING LASER RIFLES AND HEAT GUNS POURED FORTH LIME-GREEN BANDS OF ENERGY, FILLING THE AIR WITH THE STENCH OF OZONE...
GOT HIM, LIEUTENANT... CUT HIM IN HALF!

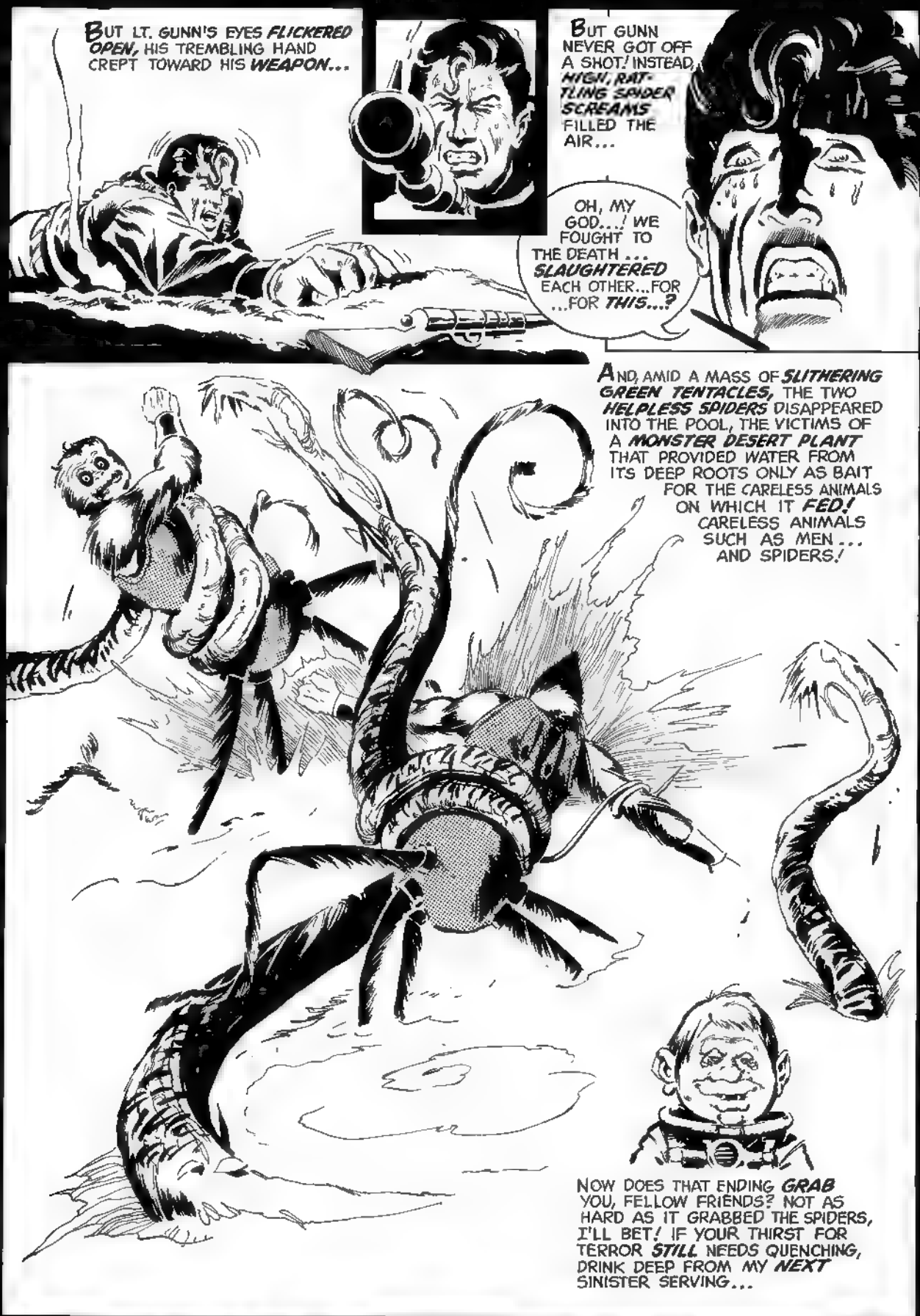
URGH!
GURGLE!

GRIMLY, DELIBERATELY, LT. GUNN SWEPT THE DUNES FREE OF THE REMAINING SPIDERS...
FIVE SPIDES DEAD! MUST BE ALL!


LT. GUNN STAGGERED UP THE LAST DUNE, INTO THE OASIS WHERE COLD BLUE WATER QUIETLY REFLECTED THE PALE STARLIGHT...
MADE IT... ALIVE AND IN ONE PIECE!


WHEN LT. GUNN SAW THE GROTESQUE SHADOW SHAPES, IT WAS TOO LATE...

BUT LT. GUNN'S EYES FLICKERED OPEN, HIS TREMBLING HAND CREPT TOWARD HIS WEAPON...


BUT LT. GUNN'S EYES FLICKERED OPEN, HIS TREMBLING HAND CREPT TOWARD HIS WEAPON...
BUT GUNN NEVER GOT OFF A SHOT! INSTEAD, HIGH, RATTLING SPIDER SCREAMS FILLED THE AIR...
OH, MY GOD...! WE FOUGHT TO THE DEATH ... SLAUGHTERED EACH OTHER...FOR ...FOR THIS...?
AND, AMID A MASS OF SLITHERING GREEN TENTACLES, THE TWO HELPLESS SPIDERS DISAPPEARED INTO THE POOL, THE VICTIMS OF A MONSTER DESERT PLANT THAT PROVIDED WATER FROM ITS DEEP ROOTS ONLY AS BAIT FOR THE CARELESS ANIMALS ON WHICH IT FED! CARELESS ANIMALS SUCH AS MEN ... AND SPIDERS!
NOW DOES THAT ENDING GRAB YOU, FELLOW FRIENDS? NOT AS HARD AS IT GRABBED THE SPIDERS, I'LL BET! IF YOUR THIRST FOR TERROR STILL NEEDS QUENCHING, DRINK DEEP FROM MY NEXT SINISTER SERVING...

LADY IN ICE

GREETINGS, MYSTERY MANIACS, IT'S TIME TO BRING YOU ANOTHER CASE FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF THAT SUPER SLEUTH OF THE SUPERNATURAL, ***OCTOBER WEIR.*** THIS CHILLING CHAPTER IS APPROPRIATELY CALLED...

SO COLD. I'M NOT DRESSED FOR THIS. WHY CAN'T I SEE YOUR BREATH? YOU'RE ***DEAD,*** AREN'T YOU? WHERE ARE YOU ***TAKING*** ME?

ART BY FRANK BOLLE/STORY BY NICOLA CUTI

NIGHTMARE! TO MOST PEOPLE, IT IS WHEN THE SUBCONSCIOUS TAKES CONTROL OF THEIR MINDS TO NAG THEM ABOUT THINGS THEY'VE DONE OR HAVE NOT DONE, BUT TO OCTOBER WEIR'S WIFE VIDA, WHO IS A MEDIUM, IT IS A CONTACT WITH THE DEAD.

YOU'VE HAD THE SAME NIGHTMARE AGAIN. IT'S MAKING YOU ILL, DARLING. WE CAN'T IGNORE IT ANY LONGER.

OCTOBER, WHAT WILL WE DO?

IT'S ALMOST DAWN. WE HAD BEST TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE LIGHT TO PACK AND GET AN EARLY START. IT'S A LONG WAY TO BANGOR, MAINE!

NEARLY TEN HOURS LATER, OCTOBER AND VIDA ARRIVE AT THE HOME OF ONE OF OCTOBER'S OLDEST FRIENDS, DR. CARL BUNUSO.

SORRY TO HAVE COME ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE, CARL.

NOT AT ALL, OCTOBER, IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO SEE YOU! AND THIS MUST BE VIDA. COME INSIDE.

AS THE OLD FRIENDS RENEW THEIR AQUAINTANCE, THEIR CONVERSATIONS ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE ENTRANCE OF A LOVELY YOUNG GIRL.

COME IN, DEAR. OCTOBER, VIDA, THIS IS MY WIFE, MARY ANN.

AT DINNER, VIDA CONFIDES HER UNEASINESS TO HER HUSBAND.

ISN'T SHE A BIT YOUNG FOR CARL?

CARL'S FIRST WIFE DISAPPEARED THREE YEARS AGO. I SUPPOSE SOME MEN LOOK UPON THEIR SECOND WIFE AS A LUXURY RATHER THAN A NECESSITY.

DO YOU STILL HAVE THAT CARNIVAL EXHIBIT...YOU KNOW, THE ONE YOU DISCOVERED IN THE ARTIC...THE LADY IN ICE?

YES, OF COURSE. SHE'S IN COLD STORAGE IN THE ICE HOUSE UNTIL THE CARNIVAL SEASON OPENS. I'LL SHOW HER TO YOU AFTER DINNER.

TOWARD EVENING, DR. BUNUSO TAKES HIS GUESTS TO SEE HIS PRIZE EXHIBIT.

THERE SHE IS-- FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OLD! I'VE HAD HER AUTHENTICATED BY EVERY ANTHROPOLOGIST IN THE BUSINESS AND SHE RAKES IN A FORTUNE WHEN THE CARNIVAL SEASON IS OPEN.

SHE'S DISGUSTING! I'VE ALWAYS HATED HER!

THOUGH IMMOBILE IN ICE, THE SENSITIVE VIDA FEELS THAT THE LADY IS BECKONING TO HER.

IT'S *HER*, OCTOBER, THE GIRL IN MY DREAM!

ARE YOU SURE? THE FACE IS CLOUDED OVER.

I RECOGNIZE THE WAY SHE IS DRESSED...!

UNNOTICED BY THE OTHERS, MARY ANN RAISES THE TEMPERATURE IN THE ICE HOUSE HOPING TO DESTROY THE LADY IN ICE...

THE TEMPERATURE RISES AND THE ICE MELTS, BUT THE LADY'S FLESH DOES NOT DECOMPOSE AS MARY ANN HAD HOPED. IT REMAINS SOLID!

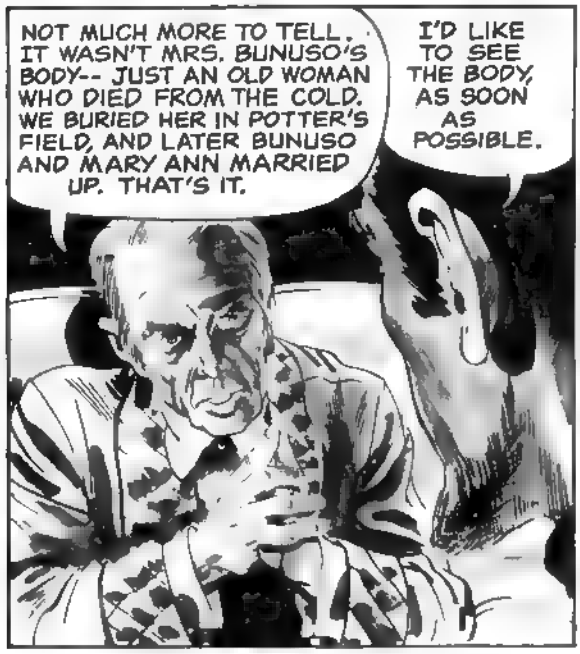
THE HOUSE IS STILL AS THE HOUR NEARS MIDNIGHT BUT VIDA FEELS THE APPROACH OF AN EVIL SO POTENT THAT HER PHYSICAL SENSES ARE STUNNED.

SQUEEZE!

OCTOBER AND VIDA ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO HEAR THE GIRL'S TERRIFIED SCREAM.
THE SNOW MIGHT HAVE CUSHIONED HER FALL, BUT THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL LANDED ON HER HEAD. HER NECK'S BROKEN.
IT WAS THE LADY IN ICE. I SAW HER DO IT IN A VISION. MARY ANN KNEW HER. SHE CALLED HER "HELEN".

THE NAME, HELEN, STRIKES A DISCORD IN OCTOBER'S MIND, COMPELLING HIM TOWARD FURTHER INVESTIGATION DESPITE THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR.
I'M GOING TO BRING MARY ANN TO HER BED. SAY NOTHING TO CARL IF HE SHOULD WAKE, THOUGH I DOUBT THAT HE WILL. HE TOOK SEVERAL PILLS BEFORE RETIRING. REPORT NOTHING TO THE POLICE UNTIL I RETURN.
BUT, THE GIRL IS DEAD-- VERY WELL, MY HUSBAND.

THE FIRST MAN OCTOBER CALLED ON WAS THE COUNTY CORONER, AVIS PIKE.
I REMEMBER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BUNUSO'S WIFE. WE FOUND A BODY, YOU KNOW, AND WE SUSPECTED THAT BUNUSO AND MARY ANN HAD COLLABORATED IN HIS WIFE'S MURDER. MORE COFFEE?
NO, THANK YOU. PLEASE GO ON.


NOT MUCH MORE TO TELL. IT WASN'T MRS. BUNUSO'S BODY-- JUST AN OLD WOMAN WHO DIED FROM THE COLD. WE BURIED HER IN POTTER'S FIELD, AND LATER BUNUSO AND MARY ANN MARRIED UP. THAT'S IT.
I'D LIKE TO SEE THE BODY, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE SNOWMOBILE. THE PLOWS NEVER CLEAR THE ROADS UP THERE.
PART SLED, PART TANK. I'VE NEVER RIDDEN ON ONE OF THOSE BEFORE. IT SHOULD BE INTERESTING.

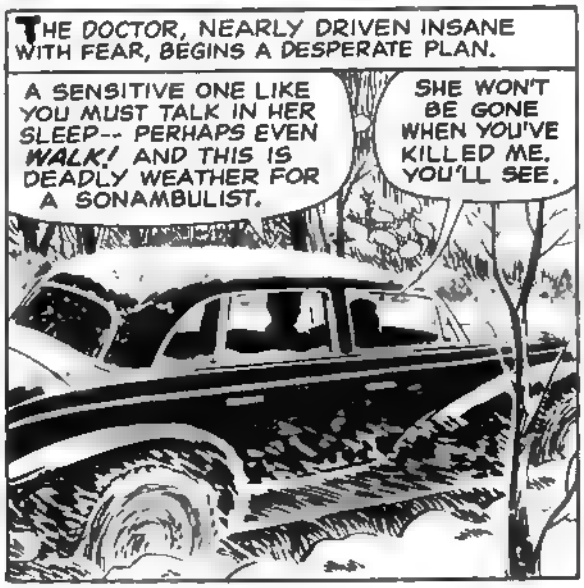
BENEATH THE GLITTERING SNOW, WAS SIX FEET OF FROZEN EARTH AND WHATEVER THE EARTHWORMS LEFT BEHIND.
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND DOWN THERE ANYWAY?
AN OLD SKELETON-- A VERY OLD SKELETON.

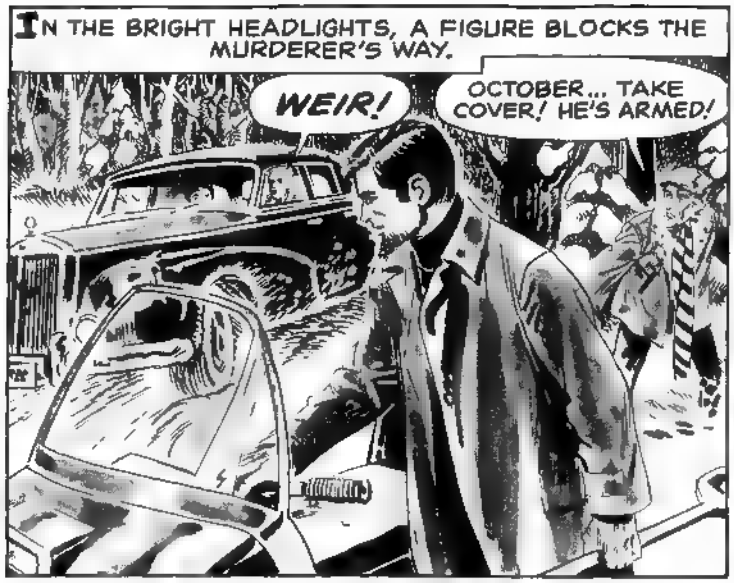
BUT AFTER AN HOUR OF DIGGING...
I MADE IT TO THE COFFIN. HELP ME LIFT THE LID.

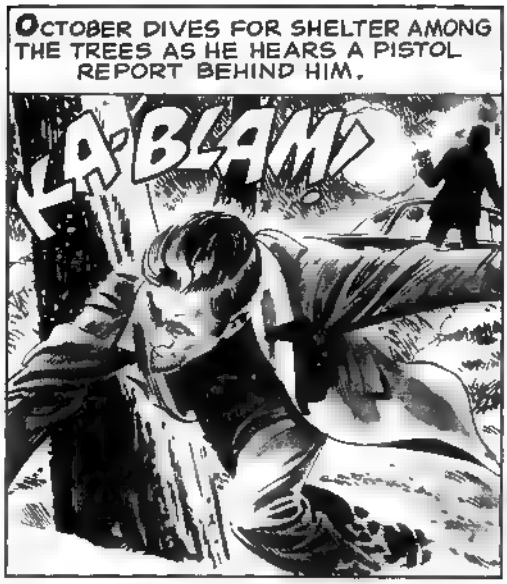
THE FOREHEAD. THE SHOULDERS. LOOK CLOSELY, PIKE. IT'S DR. BUNUSO'S FOUR THOUSAND YEAR OLD WOMAN.
THEN WHO'S THE LADY IN ICE?

MY WIFE, HELEN! MARY ANN AND I PLANNED HER MURDER TOGETHER. OUR ONLY PROBLEM WAS DISPOSING OF THE BODY, BUT WE SOLVED THAT WHEN WE SUBSTITUTED HELEN'S BODY FOR THE LADY IN ICE.

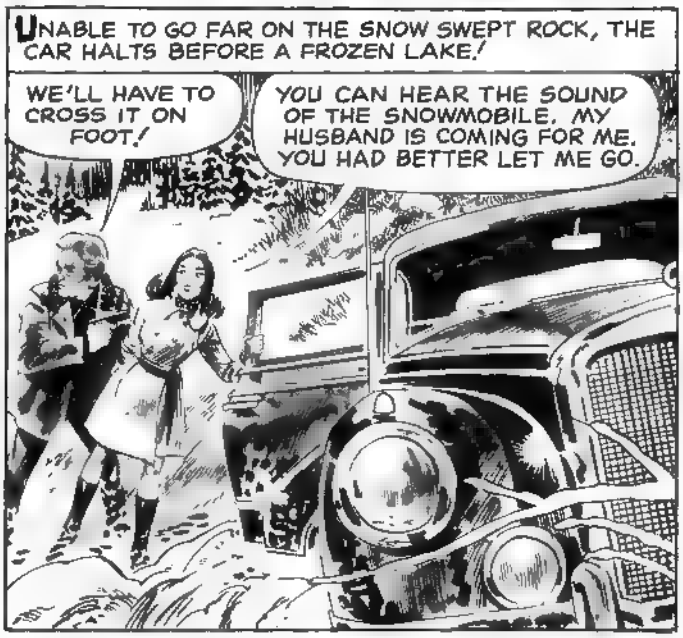
NOW SHE HAS RETURNED AND KILLED POOR MARY ANN. YOU ARE THE CAUSE! HELEN IS USING YOU AS HER CONTACT WITH THE LIVING.
THE WALKING DEAD NEED NO MEDIUM AS A CONTACT. IT IS YOUR GUILT THAT KEEPS HER ALIVE AND WILL ALLOW HER TO DESTROY YOU.


THE DOCTOR, NEARLY DRIVEN INSANE WITH FEAR, BEGINS A DESPERATE PLAN.
A SENSITIVE ONE LIKE YOU MUST TALK IN HER SLEEP-- PERHAPS EVEN WALK! AND THIS IS DEADLY WEATHER FOR A SONAMBULIST.
SHE WON'T BE GONE WHEN YOU'VE KILLED ME. YOU'LL SEE.


IN THE BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS, A FIGURE BLOCKS THE MURDERER'S WAY.
WEIR!
OCTOBER... TAKE COVER! HE'S ARMED!


OCTOBER DIVES FOR SHELTER AMONG THE TREES AS HE HEARS A PISTOL REPORT BEHIND HIM.
LA-BLAM!

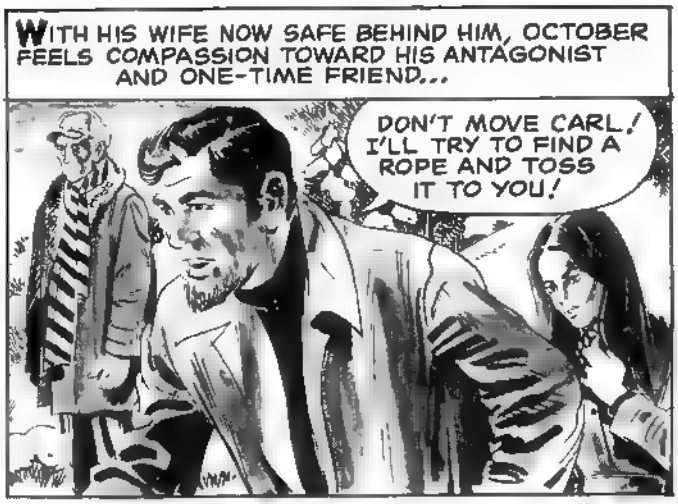
CARL FRANTICALLY TWISTS THE STARTER KEY. THE ENGINE WHIRS, THEN CATCHES... AND THE ENRAGED PHYSICIAN PLOWS FORWARD.

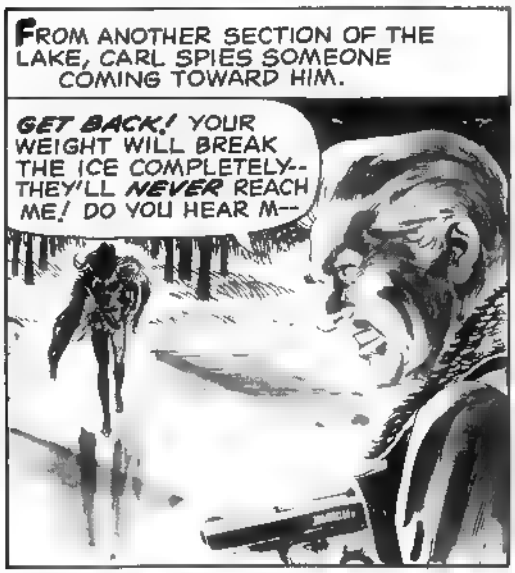

UNABLE TO GO FAR ON THE SNOW SWEPT ROCK, THE CAR HALTS BEFORE A FROZEN LAKE!
WE'LL HAVE TO CROSS IT ON FOOT!
YOU CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF THE SNOWMOBILE. MY HUSBAND IS COMING FOR ME. YOU HAD BETTER LET ME GO.

VIDA SHOVES HER CAPTOR AWAY AND RUNS FOR THE CAR LEAVING CARL TO CATCH HIS BALANCE.
COME BACK, YOU WITCH!

THE ICE WAS SLICK... BUT NOT SLICK ENOUGH.
YOU'RE DEAD, VIDA!

BUT BEFORE CARL CAN FIRE.....
HELP ME! THE ICE IS CRACKING!


WITH HIS WIFE NOW SAFE BEHIND HIM, OCTOBER FEELS COMPASSION TOWARD HIS ANTAGONIST AND ONE-TIME FRIEND...
DON'T MOVE CARL! I'LL TRY TO FIND A ROPE AND TOSS IT TO YOU!


FROM ANOTHER SECTION OF THE LAKE, CARL SPIES SOMEONE COMING TOWARD HIM.
GET BACK! YOUR WEIGHT WILL BREAK THE ICE COMPLETELY-- THEY'LL NEVER REACH ME! DO YOU HEAR M--

AS THE FIGURE DRAWS NEAR, CARL RECOGNIZES...
HELEN! O GOD! STAY AWAY FROM ME!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
IT'S NO USE, CARL. YOU CAN'T KILL ME TWICE.

IT IS DAWN BEFORE THE POLICE CAN RETRIEVE CARL BUNUSO'S BODY FROM THE LAKE... AND WITH IT YET ANOTHER BODY EVEN OCTOBER AND VIDA WEREN'T PREPARED TO FIND!
AS YOU CAN SEE, MY HUSBAND, IT TAKES MORE THAN DEATH TO SEPARATE A MAN AND HIS WIFE.
TRUE, DARLING. IN THEIR CASE IT WOULD TAKE AN ICE PICK.

IT SEEMS HELEN HAS GIVEN CARL THE COLD SHOULDER... AND THEN SOME! AT LEAST IT MAKES FOR A COOL ENDING!

SCALE MODEL KITS Heroes, Monsters & Beasts of TV, Comics & Films!

"GHOULISH GLOW POWER"

Create your own horror film characters. Authentic life like model kits made of Styrene plastic. You paint them yourself with quick dry enamel and watch them glow in the dark.

"GLOW" FRANKENSTEIN

The famous film monster 12" tall on a gravestone base
No. 2436 $1.49

"GLOW" MUMMY

Stands on sacred stones from Egyptian tomb with magic signs!
No. 2441 $1.49

"GLOW" PHANTOM of the OPERA

Frantic eyes on a face of horror
No. 2439 $1.49

"GLOW" WOLFMAN

With his favorite playmates! Ready to clutch his next victim
No 2438 $1.49

"GLOW" FORGOTTEN PRISONER of CASTELMARE

No. 2440 $1.49

"GLOW" DRACULA

His fang-like teeth hunger for the taste of blood.
No. 2437 $1.49

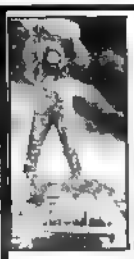
CAPTAIN AMERICA

The one and only Captain 'A' of comic book fame leaping into action, lifting his shield for justice. Authentic, accurate, exciting! 6" high
No. 2435 98¢

Startre

SOLD OUT!

Exact model of the fabulous TV Show ship. With upper and lower and real lifts. Full 18" long
2448 $2.49



LOST IN SPACE

From the TV science fiction series! Complete Scene of the Family Robinson with one-eyed giant from outer space and space chariot.
No. 2428 $1.98

LOST IN SPACE

Out of space, one-eyed TV MONSTER in life and death battle with Family Robinson. Great! 11⅜" high
No. 2425 98¢

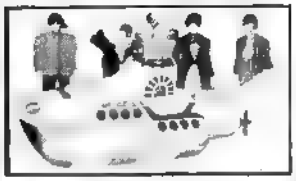
FANTASTIC VOYAGE

The VOYAGER — authentically scaled TV space ship, down to the last detail. With bubble dome and crew
No 429 $1.49

Dr. EVIL OF CAPTAIN ACTION

A fully jointed fiend from outer space threatening the world with his merciless laser gun.
No. 2430 $5.95

THE BEATLES YELLOW SUBMARINE



No. 2451 $1.98

ARCHIE'S CAR

SOLD OUT!

Your strip favorite, his old girl friend, and his funny
2446 $1.98

"CALL B"

SOLD OUT!

astronaut Jupiter! Eerie parent skull reveals brain of superior mental powers. Has collision space sensor with remote control
No. 2449 $4.98

LAND OF THE GIANTS

The spectacular TV SPACESHIP in perfect miniature. Make it yourself, color it just like the real one, and take an imaginary trip.
No. 2430 $1.98

"LAND OF THE GIANTS" SNAKE

Perfect replica of giant snake as seen on the TV series. In spectacular pose, fangs ready to strike 3 victims
No. 2431 $1.49

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

The FLYING SUB from the exciting TV Show. Complete with clear plastic display stand, removable roof showing control area, pilot and co-pilot.
No. 2424 $1.98

ADD 39¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING FOR EACH AND MAIL TO: CAPTAIN COMPANY P.O. BOX 5987, GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 U.S. ORDERS ONLY NO C.O.D.'S

EERIE FANFARE

The above drawing is from a poster drawn by Jeff Jones, and which was on display at the recent 1970 New York Comics Convention.

The poster was for an exhibit of Jeff's art, at which it was revealed that Jeff Jones the artist and comics illustrator is also Jeff Jones the sculptor, and statuettes made by Jeff of (what else?) a beautiful nymphette, similar to the one above, were sold.

More details of the 1970 Comic-Con next issue.

Stories are told from dank and coarse antiquity to the light of modern day, of presences which lurk in still, inanimate objects, hiding, and feeding on the energies of the unlucky ones who near them.

Hapless soujls, like—

I, THE NIGHTWATCHMAN
by E. A. Fedoryszyn

On warm summer nights when air is perfumed by smells of day, when relaxation takes place of work, and tranquility overcomes and prevails, I slip on my boots and trudge to work. I am the one sentine who guards his grounds—I, the Nightwatchman.

As the sun leaves the skyk, and the second shift has left for places of quieter surroundings, I make my rounds. My only companions are my flashlight, and the sounds of the night. The plant—like any other cotton mill. One which may be similar to the one in your town, in fact, this could even be your town.

Established over a hundred years ago, on the bank of the river from which it draws its electrical power, stands the mill ominious in day, grotesque at night. Through its bowels I walk.

It seems like my life has been a march against the night, defying those tired eyelids, and disregarding my calloused feet. These rounds take my body through all places, through the fleeting smells of the various rooms. Through the boiler house which in essence is its heart—it pumps its life giving steam through its pipes—its veins. It is not too hard to imagine this place as a living entity, windows as eyes, the main entrance a mouth, pumps hearts, arteries limbs. AHHH but when I am alone like this my mind wanders so. Besides thoughts such as these have a tendency to rival my nerves.

Nerves—I guess that is your biggest problem Ed; every board has its unique creek, you should know Ed, you've stepped on every one of them all those numerous loose boards.

The night is still too young to pick up the trivia as important. Ohhh—but how many times have you walked, ached, sweated? Why? So this mill could run? NO. So it would be safe through the night, *so those poor, bald-headed men could break their backs all their lives and have nothing to show for it?* No!!

The mill has spun her web around you Ed. Don't deny it don't fool yourself. We know why you work. You walk because you have to! It's nothing you can explain! It must have been some sort of suggest you received the first time you laid eyes on her. Oh God!! Enough! Enough.

No Ed, it will never be enough. Are you so stupid that you don't realize, this mill is an entity, you always denied it but, facts remain! Poor Ed. How I've watched you walk through my aisles, up my stairs, down my elevators. How your feet blistered. As tired as you are, you helped me through this night, as well as all those countless ones which we have both forgotten. I wish there were on thing I could do for you. You who have been my most trustworthy and kindest guardian and benefactor. All those before you, walked these lanes only for some small reward at the end of the week. YOU ARE NOT LIKE THE REST. Yes Ed, of all those old men, one actually cares. Yes, Ed! Don't deny me the one who means so much! Your mind has always challenged the things which seemed unreal, the things which were above all human and mortal explanations. Is it so hard to understand, is it so far from the realm of belief that these bricks and timbers who have listened to millions of conversations. One who has felt the tired and constrained passions of the laborers—is it not possible that I could have retained some of this? No my sweet, in these lasat hundred years I have developed an intellect. I have remained as I stood a hundred years ago but, with one important addition. I have acquired something which no human hands could entrust, I possess a soul!!

Ahhh love, you are so tired, and you sleep, so soundly. It is better for I have watched that happy-go-lucky gait of youth slacken, and the tunes you hum were passe over twenty years ago.

You have climbed too many stairs Ed. YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN WITH ME WHEN I need you, and now I dearest, am with you, for we need each other.

It's old Ed, Doc. Seems as though he just stopped to have a smoke and never got up. But look at his face Al, have you ever seen such a look? A quiet contentment, a man who has at last come to an understanding with himself, or one who has been granted a knowledge that has always escaped his grasp. Well Al, let's cover him up and call the coroner.

As they leave the room, a sound as if two young children are giggling emits from the walls in this room of supposed tragedy.

What was that?

It's probably that old humidity pipe Doc, its never been quite right. After you've worked here for as long as I have, you never even notice the sounds.

POEM
by Danny Masoni

A vampire, werewolf
and ghoul.
Are these creatures really
that cool?
All the monsters are
very queery,
But the best of all is
Cousin Eerie.
All the writers on the earth,
Hugo, Poe or Shelly;
Couldn't ever hope to
compare
With Cousin Eerie's belly.

We received the above drawing from a fan—who forgot to include his name or address. But we think it's good enough to print anyway! Don't you?

If you really believe in the occult, you must have wondered about whether supernatural forces have ever changed the course of history. Michael Darrah, of Manchester, N.H., wondered, too. And wrote this story about it.

THE PACT
by Michael Darrah

He had just received word that his mother had passed away. Now he knew there was no one he could turn to. He had just barely survived on the pittance she sent him every week. And his career as a painter wasn't blossoming as he had hoped it would.

One evening, as he walked into his apartment, he was surprised by a stranger standing next to the fireplace.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" he shouted

"One question at a time, my friend," answered the gaunt stranger. "I have come here to make a bargain with you To answer your first question, I prefer to be called 'Scratch,' but men have called me by different names."

The stranger then reached into the fireplace and pulled out a handful of hot coals, which he held in his out stretched hand. "I am no madman," he said. "I think you know by now who I really am."

"Yes, I think I do," answered the wide-eyed little man. "What do you want of me?"

"I have the power to offer you anything your heart desires. And I have selected you for this honor because you have all the qualities I most admire in a man," said Scratch.

"I want power and glory such as no man had ever known before," said the little man. "And I'm willing to pay any price to get it."

"We'll talk price later, my friend. In your case, the price is quite low. And you shall have what you wish," said the stranger, smiling as he slowly vanished from the scene.

In the years that followed, the young man's power over other men increased. When war broke out, he joined the Army and served his country faithfully.

Then, when the war ended, he rounded up others who, like himself had been left to their own devices in a defeated country. They formed their own political party with him as

In a short time, he was proclaimed head of the government and he told his people that the time had come to right the wrongs that had been done them. He told them that too many people had rejected their own country. That anyone who didn't believe in the importance of their country's flag more than the rights of their country's citizens ought to leave Or be removed from society by force.

The people listened. Those who didn't were eliminated. And the world soon learned to fear the name of Adolph Hitler For a man named Scratch had given him the means of attaining all the glory and power he desired. He told his people that the glory and power was theirs. They believed it and paid a huge price for it.

"Brother, can you spare a dime?" Once upon a time, a dime was enough. But not any more! That's probably because of greedy guys like a fellow Craig Hill, of Redwood City, California, once met . . .

DOWN IN CANNERY DOUGH
by Craig Hill

Wilfred was the type of man who would do anything at all for money. That's why he was planning to rob the bank. That's why he was wandering down Commercial Alley this late at night. It's a place nobody ever goes after dark.

Wilfred cringingly crept toward the mouldy door, jumped sullenly back, then sullenly back, then opened it. He took just five halting steps before a terrifying screeching sound halted him dead in his tracks. It was only a stray cat, complaining at the disturbance.

Wrapped alluringly around the cat's feet were 200 thousand dollar bills. It made poor Wilfred's mouth water. Made him forget he had come here to rob a bank. Wilfred's mouth went dry as he grabbed the cat. He tossed the creature through an open window, first making sure the money was left behind in his own filthy hands.

Then an alarm went off. Wilfred had to get out of there. He ran out into the alley. No one was there. No one ever came here after dark.

He ran toward the light at the end of the alley. Then he saw them. Two policemen. They shouted at him to stop. But Wilfred turned and began running the other way. Suddenly, the mouldy door opened, framing Wilfred in the light.

But no one was there. Just a black cat, mewing softly. Two shots rang out. Wilfred fell forward into a pool of his own blood. The cat began rubbing his body against Wilfred's cheek, as the man's life slipped away. His money slipped away, too. The cat reclaimed his treasure and vanished back into the blackness of old Commercial Alley.

When the police arrived Wilfred was dead. And without money. "What do you suppose he was doing here, Ed?" asked one of the policemen. "Nobody ever comes here after dark."

GREG THEAKSTON and ARVELL JONES painted this handsome fellow. Good likeness, isn't it?

GET INVOLVED!

We'd like to print a story or a picture of yours on the Fanfare Page. So why not send us one? Today. Address it to:

EERIE FANFARE
22 E. 42nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

EVER WONDER WHAT GOES ON BENEATH THE CITY STREETS... WHAT *REALLY* LURKS BENEATH THOSE GRATINGS AND COVERS YOUR FEET SO CASUALLY TROD? THE ANSWER MAY BE...

The KILLER SLIME

IN A SUNLIT NEW YORK STREET, THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF CITY LIFE IS STRANGELY ABSENT, LEAVING A CHILL TOMB-LIKE SILENCE HANGING IN THE CRISP AFTERNOON AIR. DOCTOR STEVEN WEST, HEAD OF BACTERIOLOGICAL RESEARCH, AND HIS ASSISTANT, TOM JEFFRIES, ANXIOUSLY AWAIT THE REPORT OF OFFICER MACDONALD...

AND THAT MAKES THREE WORKMEN WHO HAVE GONE DOWN INTO THIS SEWER AND NEVER COME OUT. THAT SLIME YOU CALLED TOM AND ME HERE TO LOOK AT...

THIS IS ALL WE COULD FIND OF HIM, DR. WEST. THE POOR FELLOW'S JUST DISAPPEARED LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.

Carlos Garzon

I'VE GOT SOME RIGHT HERE. I NOTICED THE STUFF DOWN THERE THE OTHER TIMES TOO. *NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT!*

WELL, WE'LL TAKE IT BACK TO RESEARCH HEADQUARTERS AND WORK ON IT. I HAVE A FEELING THIS SLIME IS CONNECTED IN SOME WAY WITH THE DISAPPEARANCES OF THOSE MEN!

ART BY CARLOS GARZON/STORY BY STEVE SKEATES

THREE DAYS LATER, IN DR. WEST'S LABORATORY...

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, DOCTOR. THIS GROWTH IS SOME FORM OF FUNGUS COMPLETELY UNKNOWN TO US, WITH A TERRIFICALLY HIGH ACID CONTENT.

ACID CONTENT?

THAT'S STRANGE... VERY STRANGE INDEED! WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS FURTHER.

TOM AND DR. WEST QUICKLY RETURN TO THE SITE WHERE THE THREE MISSING SEWER WORKMEN WERE LAST SEEN...

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, TOM. I JUST HAVE A HUNCH WE MAY COME UPON—WAIT A MINUTE! THERE IN THE LIGHT! IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE MISSING WORKMEN'S CAPS!

GOOD LORD!

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'LL FIND DOWN HERE, DOCTOR?

TOM AND DR. WEST HURRY BACK THE WAY THEY CAME, UNAWARE OF THE STRANGE GREEN SLIME CLINGING TO THE WALLS—WATCHING THEM...

A SEVERED HAND!

WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS HAND BACK TO THE LAB IMMEDIATELY! LET'S GO!

CROAK

GURGLE

IN THE LABORATORY, THE SLIME IS PRESERVED FOR FURTHER STUDY...
IT ALMOST SEEMS TO HAVE AN INTELLIGENCE ALL ITS OWN!
ABOUT THIS HAND YOU GAVE US TO ANALYZE, DOCTOR...
YES? WHAT IS IT, PETE?
I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT WE CAN'T FIND ANY EVIDENCE THAT THIS HAND WAS CUT OFF. INSTEAD, THE ARM MUST HAVE BEEN DISSOLVED AWAY FROM THE HAND!
ACID COULD HAVE DONE IT THE SORT OF ACID WE FOUND IN THAT SLIME. WHAT IN THE WORLD HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO, DOCTOR?
I DON'T KNOW, PETE, BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE TO IT THAT WHATEVER IS IN THOSE SEWERS IS DESTROYED IMMEDIATELY!
OPERATOR, GET ME THE POLICE!
WITHIN AN HOUR, THE POLICE ARE ON THE SCENE, BUT...
THE SLIME IS GONE!
C'MON, BOYS. IT'S A FALSE ALARM. LOOKS LIKE DR. WEST WAS JUST PLAYING A LITTLE JOKE ON US!

LATER THAT NIGHT, DR. WEST WORKS ALONE TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF THE MYSTERIOUS SLIME UNTIL SLEEP FINALLY OVERCOMES HIM— A SLEEP DISTURBED BY WEIRD, TERRIFYING DREAMS...
WHA— HUH? DID SOMEONE CALL ME? MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING... SUCH HORRIBLE NIGHT-MARES...
GURGLE... DOCTOR WEST!... CROAK...
DOCTOR WEST!
WHAT??! IT CAN'T BE!! I MUST STILL BE DREAMING! THE SLIME—??
CROAK... COME TO ME, DOCTOR WEST!... GURGLE...
THAT HIDEOUS CREAKING VOICE... IT'S COMING FROM THE TANK!!
WHO— WHAT— ARE YOU??!
I AM AN INTELLIGENT BEING. LIKE YOURSELF. I AM COMMUNICATING WITH YOU THROUGH THOUGHT IMPULSES.

BUT WHY??... HOW DID YOU GET HERE??
I DEVELOPED IN YOUR SEWERS, THE COMBINATION OF CHEMICAL WASTES, FILTH AND STAGNATION FORM IN ONE WEEK, MY FORM OF LIFE HAS DEVELOPED FARTHER THAN YOU HUMANS WILL IN THE NEXT BILLION YEARS!! MY TELEPATHIC POWERS WERE USED TO WARN MY COMRADES THAT YOU WERE ABOUT TO DESTROY THEM. THAT IS WHY THEY FLED. NOW WE ARE FREE TO CONQUER THE WORLD.
SUDDENLY, WITH A FEVERISH EFFORT, DR. WEST TEARS HIS CIGARETTES FROM HIS POCKET AND EMPTIES IT OVER THE MONSTROUS SLIME...
NO! I CAN'T LET YOU TAKE OVER!!
...THEN SETS THE SLIME ON FIRE!
EEEAAHHH! GURGLE!... CROAK... THOUGH I DIE, YOU CANNOT WIN, DR. WEST! MY COMRADES ARE READY RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT TO SPREAD ACROSS THE GLOBE!! ...AAAAHHHH!!
WITH THE HIDEOUS SLIME CREATURE DESTROYED, DR. WEST BEGINS TO BREATHE EASIER...
BUT THEN
DR. WEST, COME QUICKLY! PETE AND I HAVE FOUND SLIME! IT'S HEADING OUT TO SEA!!
WHAT ??!

THE THREE MEN RACE DESPERATELY TO REACH THE DOCKS OF THE HUDSON RIVER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...

FASTER, PETE! THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE WORLD IS IN OUR HANDS!

SEE IT FLOATING THERE ON THE WATER, DOCTOR? IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH THE SLIME WERE HEADING FOR THOSE SHIPS OVER THERE!

SO THAT'S WHAT THE MONSTER MEANT WHEN IT SAID ITS COMRADES WERE ABOUT TO SPREAD ACROSS THE GLOBE! THEY'LL CLING TO THE SHIPS AS THEY HEAD OUT TO SEA! WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THEM!!

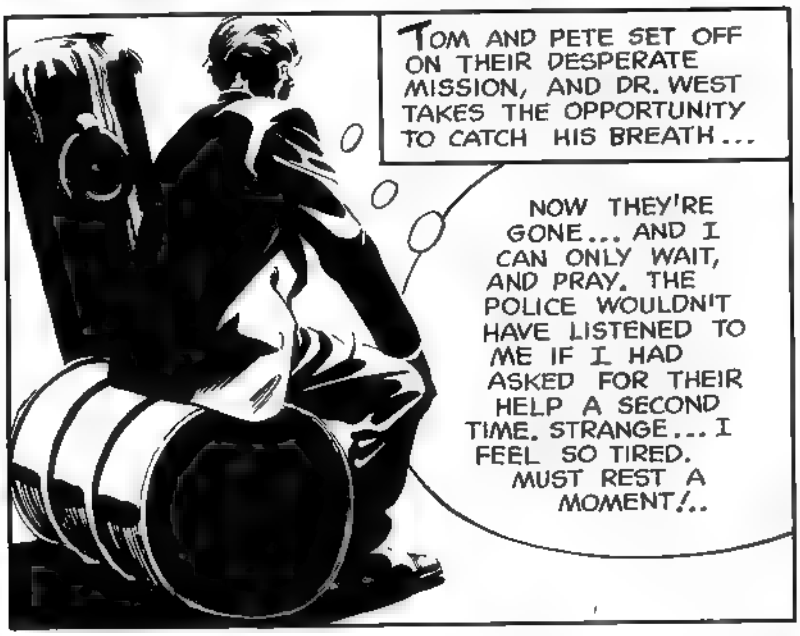
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DOCTOR?

NEVER MIND, TOM. I WANT YOU AND PETE TO FIND A SMALL BOAT AND BRING IT BACK HERE. HURRY!

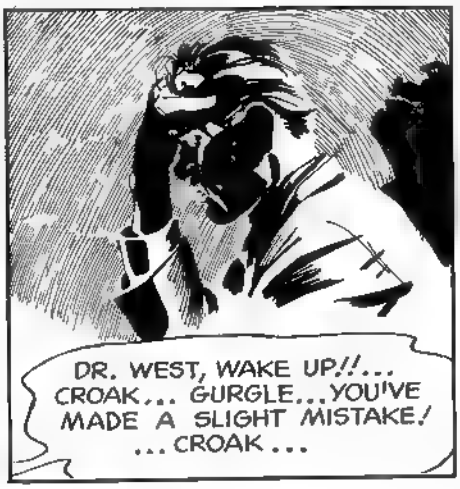
WHILE TOM AND PETE ARE OFF SEARCHING FOR A BOAT, DR. WEST WORKS TO COMPLETE HIS DESPERATE PLAN...

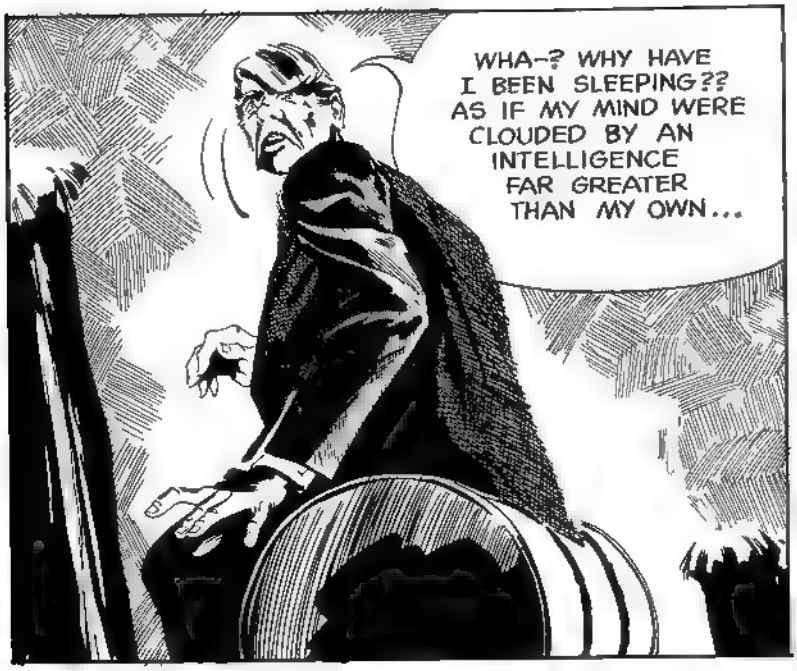
MUST GET THIS OIL INTO POSITION...

OIL



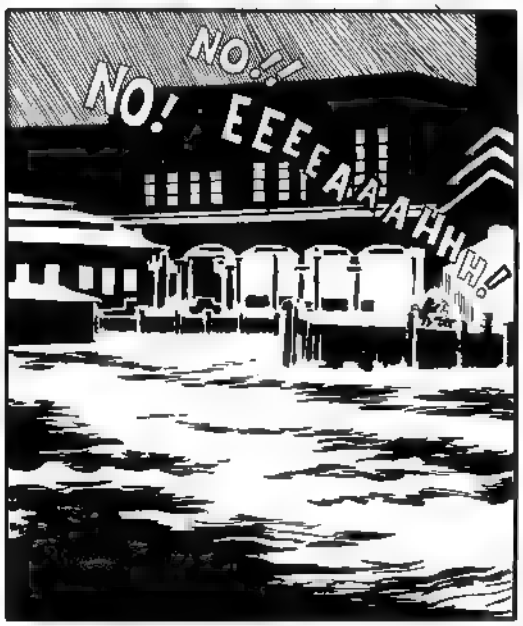
DR. WEST, IMMEDIATELY FALLS INTO A STRANGE DEEP SLEEP...



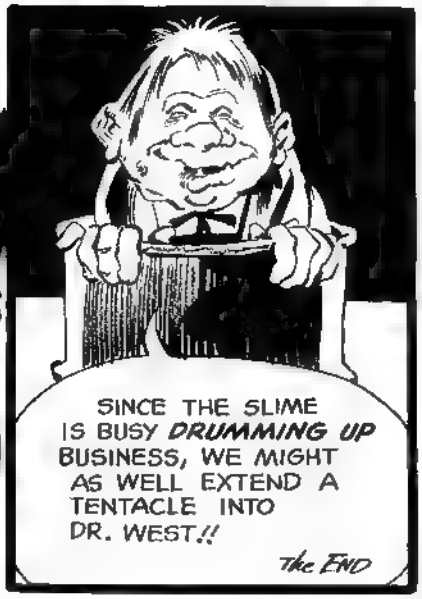


PRECISELY, DR. WEST! I AM IN THIS DRUM! MY COMRADES AND I ARE IN *ALL* THE DRUMS YOU SEE AROUND YOU! WE ARE MERELY "BUMMING A RIDE," AS YOU SAY! BY TOMORROW MORNING, YOUR TRAINS, TRUCKS AND SHIPS WILL CARRY US ACROSS THE NATION — AND THE WORLD!!!
BUT TOM AND PETE! OH, NO!!

I'M AFRAID YOUR FRIENDS HAD A NASTY LITTLE SURPRISE WHEN THEY OPENED THOSE OIL DRUMS!


NO!!
NO! EEEEA-A-A-HHH!

AAAAHHHH!!
AND NOW WE MUST BE RID OF YOUR MEDDLING, DR. WEST!!


SINCE THE SLIME IS BUSY *DRUMMING UP* BUSINESS, WE MIGHT AS WELL EXTEND A TENTACLE INTO DR. WEST!!
The END

SUPER SPECIAL EXCITING PAPERBACK BOOKS!

FRANKENSTEIN

"The Monster Awakes. The artificial body I had constructed with such care lay lifeless before me. My goal was in sight. I began . . . " Read the thrilling, chilling words of this masterpiece just as it was written in the original manuscript.

DRACULA

He was a vampire. To live, this mysterious nobleman had to have the elixir of life, sucked from the veins of the living. This extraordinary horror tale tells the story of people caught in the spell of Count Dracula's strange powers.

THE DOLL MAKER

A tale of piercing terror about the agony of a poor victim who cannot escape the strange mastery of an egomaniac practicing unknown horrors. A graphic, emotional short novel of weird and chilling characters that seem absolutely real — by a new author of frightening tales. Sarban. Don't miss this!

PERRY RHODAN

Major Perry Rhodan, commander of the spaceship STARDUST found more than anyone had expected might exist on the moon —for he became the first man to make contact with another sentient race!
They came from a distant star, and they possessed a knowledge of science and philosophy that dwarfed mankind's knowledge!

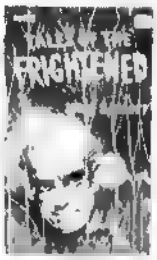
INCREDIBLE HULK

HERE'S The Incredible HULK! Starring the world's strongest mortal who dares to ask the burning question: "CAN A MAN WITH GREEN SKIN AND A PETULANT PERSONALITY FIND TRUE HAPPINESS IN TODAY'S STATUS - SEEKING SOCIETY?" MEET THE GREAT GREEN GOLIATH, THE HOWLING, HURTLING HULK IS BASHING HIS WAY INTO THE HEARTS OF AMERICANS.

THE MIGHTY THOR

Thor, the Norse thundergod, recently had to take an elevator to the top of a midtown skyscraper before he could fly off to Asia to stop a rampaging witchdoctor — because a cop wouldn't let Thor [redacted] magic hammer on a crowded street. A woman in the elevator looked at Thor's shoulder-length blond curls and mused, "That REMINDS me—I'm due for a PERMANENT at noon."

BORIS KARLOFF'S TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED



Do not be afraid. Boris Karloff is here to light your way down the dark, shuddering corridors of blood-chilling suspense. Come in, if you dare. Watch out for trap doors. And, oh yes, please close them behind you when you leave . . . And watch out for Boris!

AMAZING SPIDERMAN

Here's the t[illegible] Super Ha[illegible] called [illegible] the "28[illegible] Who [illegible] on the [illegible] . . . "The popular Mar[illegible] hero . . . is the maladjusted adolescent Spider Man, the only overtly neurotic super hero . . .

TARZAN

ORIGINAL NOVELS COMPLETE IN PAPERBACK

For those of you who have thrilled to the movie exploits of this famous jungle lord, a new treat is waiting. At last you can buy authorized Edgar Rice Burroughs editions of the first ten original Tarzan novels. If you enjoyed reading about or seeing the movie versions of TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION, starring James Pierce and the many other classic and recent Tarzan adventures, then here is your chance to own forever these exciting treasures in book form. A wonderful set for any home library, you will without doubt find these fictional favorites to be even more exciting as novels than they were on the screen.

TARZAN OF THE APES #1

The birth, boyhood and thrilling growth to manhood of Tarzan who is raised in the heart of the primeval jungle by a tribe of great apes.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN #2

Tarzan rejects civilization and goes back to his savage homeland to rescue the beautiful American girl, Jane Porter

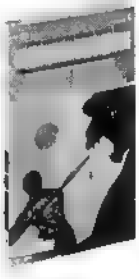
THE BEASTS OF TARZAN #3

Trained by Tarzan, Sheeta, the vicious panther, and Akut, the great ape, help pursue the mur[illegible] kidnappers of Jane and Tarzan's young son.

THE SON OF TARZAN #4

Young John Greystoke, Tarzan's son, comes to Africa with Akut, the ape. Akut teaches him the ways of the beasts until he has earned the name of Korak the Killer.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR #5



Deep in the heart of the jungle has lost Opar-a fabulous city ruled by its magnificent High Priestess La and run by a savage race that is half-man and half-beast.

JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN #6

Stories of the young manhood of Tarzan which return to the time when even Tarzan comes close to death in learning Jungle Craft.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED #7

The veneer of civilization is stripped from Tarzan when he seeks vengeance on those who destroyed his home and abducted his wife.

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE #8

In search of Jane, Tarzan journeys to Pal-ul-don, a land forgotten by time, where prehistoric monsters rage through the chasms and forests.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION #9

Tarzan's kinship for beasts enables him to rear and train the magnificently savage lion Jad-bal-ja as his constant companion.

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN #10

Inside an impenetrable thorn forest Tarzan finds the Minuwana, a race of men only eighteen inches high.

ANY 2 BOOKS $1.00 | ANY 3 BOOKS $1.50 | ANY 4 BOOKS $2.00 | ANY 5 BOOKS $2.50 | PLEASE ADD 20¢ PER BOOK FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING

MAIL TO: CAPTAIN CO., P.O. BOX 5987 GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

NOW! IN ONE BOOK!!
THE ORIGINAL COLLECTION OF
FLASH GORDON
COMIC STRIPS!
152-PAGE HARD COVER
11" X 14" PICTURE BOOK

THEY'RE ALL HERE! You'll thrill as Flash battles **Ming the Merciless**, the huge **Ice-Worm of Frigia**, **Brukka the Giant**, the **Power-Men of Mongo** and more!

AMAZING SPACE-AGE ADVENTURES!

Here are collected the fantastic adventures of science-fiction comics' greatest hero—FLASH GORDON as written and drawn by master artist Alex Raymond! Here's all the excitement of today's Space Age in never-to-be-forgotten episodes created over thirty years ago! Here are the very same characters and eerie situations which formed the basis for Hollywood's famous movie serials starring Buster Crabbe!

UNBELIEVABLE WEIRD CREATURES!

When Flash, Dale Arden and Dr. Zarkov rocketed into space for the first time in 1934, ahead lay countless perils amid the unbelievable creatures and monsters of far distant worlds! Over the years these early strips have become true collectors' items with frantic fans paying as much as $150 for a book of comic reprints. Now, for the first time, these classic adventures have been preserved in a quality hard-cover book weighing almost four pounds! A large 11" x 14" in size, each page represents a complete Sunday strip—altogether 139 strips in continuous sequence plus the famous "first" strip in full color! Printed on top quality, time-defying paper this fabulous book is designed to last and will give you many hours of enjoyment! Truly, it's the....

BUY OF A COLLECTOR'S LIFETIME!

ONLY
$13.95
PLUS 85¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING

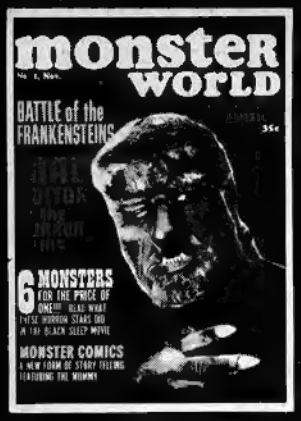
SPECIAL ADDED
An introductory biography of Alex Raymond by noted artist Al. Williamson, leading exponent of the 'Raymond style' today and a contributor to Warren Publications!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!
MAIL TODAY TO:

CAPTAIN COMPANY

P.O. BOX 5987, GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

U.S. ORDERS ONLY
NO C.O.D.'S



NO. 1—COLLECTOR'S EDITION

NO. 2—THE MUNSTERS

NO. 3—THE SHE CREATURE

NO. 4—LETTER TO LEE

NO. 5—KARLOFF'S NEWEST

USE THIS COUPON TO GET VALUABLE BACK ISSUES OF MONSTER WORLD

NO. 6—HOLIDAY ISSUE

NO. 7—FRANKENSTEIN'S SON

All Copies Mailed in a Sturdy Envelope for Protection

MONSTER WORLD
BACK ISUES DEPT.
P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

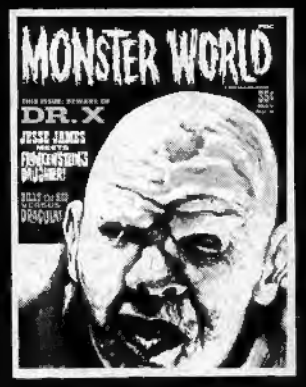
- ☐ Rush me the #1 COLLECTOR'S EDITION. Enclosed is $3.00
- ☐ Rush me Issue #2 of MONSTER WORLD. Enclosed is $2.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great She Creature Issue #3. Enclosed is $2.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Chris Lee Issue #4. Enclosed is $2.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Karloff Issue #5. Enclosed is $2.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Cool Xmas Issue #6. Enclosed is $2.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Filmbook Issue #7. Enclosed is $2.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Dr. X Issue #8. Enclosed is $2.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Addams Family Issue #9. Enclosed is $2.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Super-Heroes Issue #10. Enclosed is $2.00

NAME.....

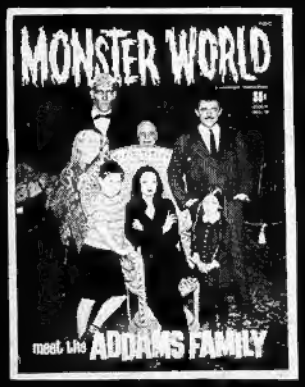
ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE..... ZIP CODE.....



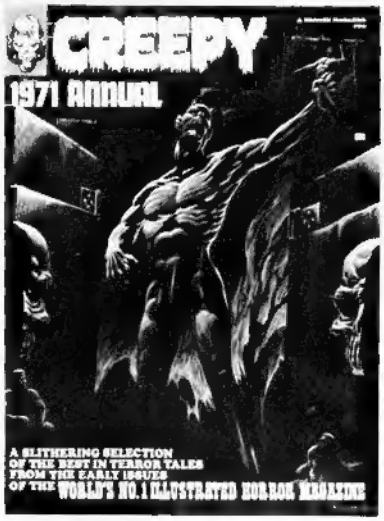
No. 8 -Doctor "X"



NO. 9 — THE ADDAMS FAMILY

NO. 10 — SUPER HEROES

FABULOUS 1971 YEARBOOK COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS!



CREEPY 1971 ANNUAL—8 Terrorific tales from turbulent back issues. NEAL ADAMS! REED CRANDALL! STEVE DITKO! TOM SUTTON! JOHNNY CRAIG! And many other great artists and writers for only 60c!

EERIE 1971 ANNUAL—Sci-Fi, Horror! Read classics created by DAN ADKINS! EUGENE COLAN! GRAY MORROW! ANGELO TORRES! BUDDY SAUNDERS AND ARCHIE GOODWIN! And More! 68 beautiful pages for only 60c!

FM 1971 FEARBOOK—From the gorgeous new cover by Basil Gogos to pix of Basil Rathbone, Bela and Boris on page 74, you'll find nothing but the very best sampling of our 13 long, lingering, leering years of thrills and chills!

NAME .....

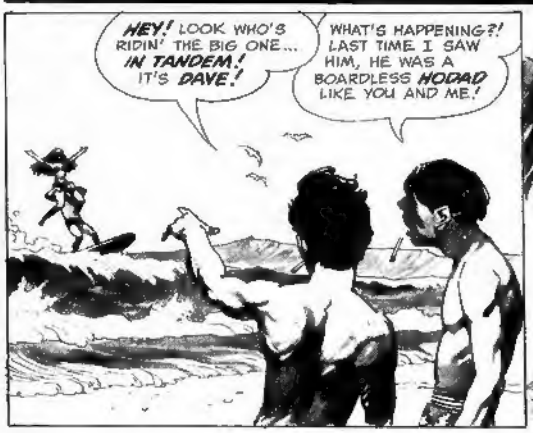
ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

SEND ME
- ☐ CREEPY 1971 ANNUAL 60c plus 15c postage and handling (total 75c).
- ☐ EERIE 1971 ANNUAL 60c plus 15c postage and handling (total 75c).
- ☐ FM 1971 FEARBOOK 60c plus 15c postage and handling (total 75c).

MAIL TO: WARREN PUBLISHING CO.
P.O. BOX 5987
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK,
NEW YORK 10017

EASY WAY TO A TUFF SURFBOARD!



AT LAST! OWN THIS RARE SET OF PRINCE VALIANT ADVENTURE PICTURE BOOKS!

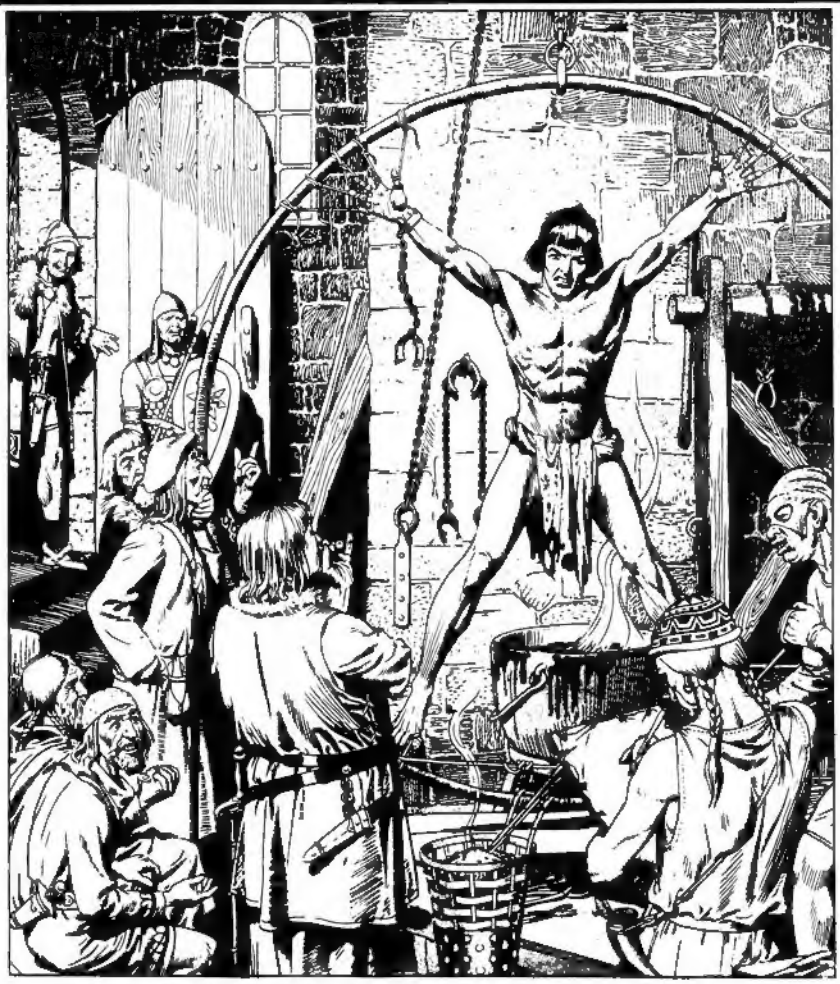
HARD-COVER BOOKS LARGE 7" x 10" SIZE 128 EXCITING PAGES.

Here is your once in a lifetime opportunity to own this fascinating set of original, authentic adventure books. You'll thrill to the daring exploits of Prince Valiant, popular comics hero!

Every Page Fully ILLUSTRATED By The Great HAL FOSTER

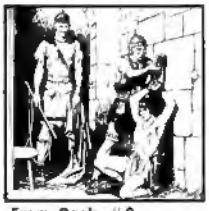
Follow Prince Valiant, Knight of King Arthur's Round Table as he wields the mighty Singing Sword for justice everywhere. Follow him in his travels as he seeks out tyrants, thieves and marauding armies, engaging them in heroic battles.

QUALITY MADE BOOKS TO LAST A LIFETIME



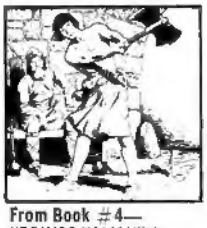
From Book #5—"PRINCE VALIANT AND THE GOLDEN PRINCESS" No. 2733 $3.95

From Book #1—
"PRINCE VALIANT IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR"
The youthful prince at the famous round-table.
No. 2729 $3.95

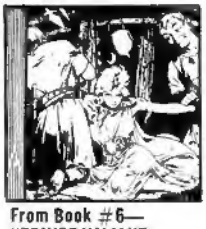


From Book #2—
"PRINCE VALIANT FIGHTS ATTILA THE HUN"
In gallant battle against barbaric plundering hordes.
No. 2730 $3.95

From Book #3—
"PRINCE VALIANT ON THE INLAND SEA"
Expedition across the gleaming expanse of the mysterious inland sea.
No. 2731 $3.95



From Book #4—
"PRINCE VALIANT'S PERILOUS VOYAGE"
Golden treasures lure him to harrowing adventures in the jungles of darkest Africa.
No. 2732 $3.95



From Book #6—
"PRINCE VALIANT IN THE NEW WORLD"
Crosses the sea, to the new world before the days of Columbus.
No. 2734 $3.95

From Book #7—
"PRINCE VALIANT AND THE THREE CHALLENGES"
The Great Prince faces a ruthless king, black magic and a horde of savages!
No. 2735 $3.95

ADD 35¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING FOR EACH BOOK, AND MAIL TO:

CAPTAIN COMPANY P.O. BOX 5987, GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

U.S. ORDERS ONLY NO C.O.D.'S